

SIXTY POEMS

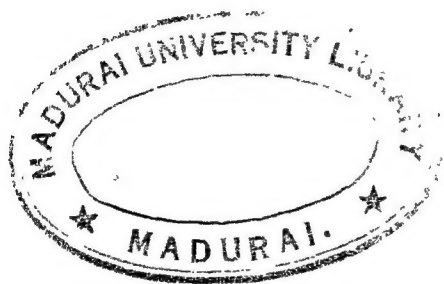
BY

RUDYARD KIPLING



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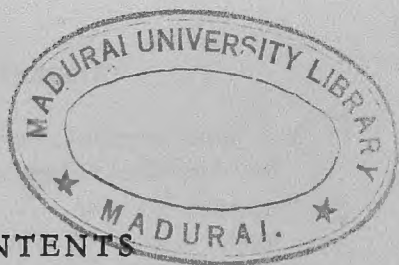


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*DEDICATORY POEMS*

THE FIRES

DEDICATION FROM BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

MY NEW-CUT ASHLAR

L'ENVOI



DEDICATORY POEMS

THE FIRES

*(Prelude to Collected Verse)*

MEN make them fires on the hearth  
Each under his roof-tree,  
And the Four Winds that rule the earth  
They blow the smoke to me.

Across the high hills and the sea  
And all the changeful skies,  
The Four Winds blow the smoke to me  
Till the tears are in my eyes.

Until the tears are in my eyes  
And my heart is wellnigh broke  
For thinking on old memories  
That gather in the smoke.

With every shift of every wind  
The homesick memories come,  
From every quarter of mankind  
Where I have made me a home;

Four times a fire against the cold  
And a roof against the rain—  
Sorrow fourfold and joy fourfold  
The Four Winds bring again !

How can I answer which is best  
Of all the fires that burn ?  
I have been too often host or guest  
At every fire in turn.

How can I turn from any fire,  
On any man's hearthstone ?  
I know the wonder and desire  
That went to build my own !

How can I doubt man's joy or woe  
Where'er his house-fires shine,  
Since all that man must undergo  
Will visit me at mine ?

Oh, you Four Winds that blow so strong  
And know that this is true,  
Stoop for a little and carry my song  
To all the men I knew !

Where there are fires against the cold,  
Or roofs against the rain—  
With love fourfold and joy fourfold,  
Take them my songs again !

DEDICATION FROM "BARRACK-  
ROOM BALLADS"

BEYOND the path of the outmost sun through  
utter darkness hurled—

Farther than ever comet flared or vagrant star-  
dust swirled—

Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and  
loved and made our world.

They are purged of pride because they died ;  
they know the worth of their bays ;

They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and the  
Gods of the Elder Days—

It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth Our  
Father's praise.

'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep  
where Azrael's outposts are,

Or buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when  
God goes out to war,

Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein  
of a red-maned star.

They take their mirth in the joy of the Earth—  
they dare not grieve for her pain.

They know of toil and the end of toil ; they know  
God's Law is plain ;

So they whistle the Devil to make them sport  
who know that Sin is vain.

And oft-times cometh our wise Lord God, master  
of every trade,

And tells them tales of His daily toil, of Edens  
newly made ;  
And they rise to their feet as He passes by,  
gentlemen unafraid.

To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow  
and Lust and Shame—  
Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for  
they stooped to Fame—  
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my  
brother's spirit came.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough  
the dross of Earth—  
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he  
from his birth,  
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and  
clean mirth.

So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome  
high  
And made him place at the banquet board—the  
Strong Men ranged thereby,  
Who had done his work and held his peace and  
had no fear to die.

Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open  
darkness hurled,  
Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-  
swarm swirled,  
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they  
served His world.



## “MY NEW-CUT ASHLAR”

MY NEW-CUT ashlar takes the light  
 Where crimson-blank the windows flare.  
 By my own work before the night,  
 Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought  
 Thy Hand compelled it, Master, Thine—  
 Where I have failed to meet Thy Thought  
 I know, through Thee, the blame was mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied  
 Stands all Eternity's offence.  
 Of that I did with Thee to guide,  
 To Thee, through Thee, be excellence;

The depth and dream of my desire,  
 The bitter paths wherein I stray—  
 Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,  
 Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,  
 Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain—  
 Godlike to muse o'er his own Trade  
 And manlike stand with God again !

One stone the more swings into place  
 In that dread Temple of Thy worth.  
 It is enough that, through Thy Grace,  
 I saw nought common on Thy Earth.

Take not that vision from my ken—  
Oh whatsoe'er may spoil or speed.  
Help me to need no aid from men  
That I may help such men as need !

## L'ENVOI

*(Departmental Ditties)*

THE smoke upon your Altar dies,  
The flowers decay,  
The Goddess of your sacrifice  
Has flown away.  
What profit then to sing or slay  
The sacrifice from day to day ?

“ We know the Shrine is void,” they said,  
“ The Goddess flown—  
“ Yet wreaths are on the altar laid—  
“ The Altar-Stone  
“ Is black with fumes of sacrifice,  
“ Albeit She has fled our eyes.

“ For, it may be, if still we sing  
“ And tend the Shrine,  
“ Some Deity on wandering wing  
“ May there incline ;  
“ And, finding all in order meet,  
“ Stay while we worship at Her feet.”

ENGLAND AND EMPIRE

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

THE RIVER'S TALE

THE LAND

THE ROMAN CENTURION'S SONG

THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS

A TREE SONG

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

SUSSEX

A SCHOOL SONG

TOMMY

THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR

PIET

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN

RECESSIONAL



A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

1893

FAIR is our lot—O goodly is our heritage !  
 (Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth !)  
 For the Lord our God Most High  
 He hath made the deep as dry,  
 He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the  
 Earth !

Yea, though we sinned, and our rulers went from  
 righteousness—  
 Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments'  
 hem,  
 Oh be ye not dismayed,  
 Though we stumbled and we strayed,  
 We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall deal  
 with them !

Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealed us,  
 Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale.  
 Except ye pay the Lord  
 Single heart and single sword,  
 Of your children in their bondage He shall ask them  
 treble-tale !

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—  
 Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.

## RUDYARD KIPLING

*Make ye sure to each his own  
That he reap where he bath sown ;  
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve  
the Lord !*

•                    •                    •                    •                    •

*Hear now a song—a song of broken interludes—  
A song of little cunning ; of a singer nothing worth.  
Through the naked words and mean  
May ye see the truth between,  
As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the  
Earth !*

## THE COASTWISE LIGHTS

OUR brows are bound with spindrift and the weed  
is on our knees ;  
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging,  
smoking seas.  
From reef and rock and skerry—over headland,  
ness, and voe—  
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships  
of England go !

Through the endless summer evenings, on the  
lineless, level floors ;  
Through the yelling Channel tempest when the  
siren hoots and roars—

## ENGLAND AND EMPIRE

By day the dipping house-flag and by night the  
rocket's trail—

As the sheep that graze behind us so we know  
them where they hail.

We bridge across the dark, and bid the helmsman  
have a care,

The flash that, wheeling inland, wakes his sleeping  
wife to prayer.

From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in  
burning chains

The lover from the sea-rim drawn—his love in  
English lanes.

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race the  
Southern wool ;

We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen,  
Leith, and Hull ;

To each and all our equal lamp at peril of the sea—  
The white wall-sided warships or the whalers of  
Dundee !

Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guard-  
ports of the Morn !

Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the  
Horn !

Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us  
main to main,  
The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome  
back again !

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust  
on your plates ;  
Go, get you into London with the burden of your  
freights !  
Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if  
any seek,  
The Lights of England sent you and by silence  
shall ye speak !

## THE SONG OF THE DEAD

*HEAR now the Song of the Dead—in the North by  
the torn berg-edges—  
They that look still to the Pole, asleep by their hide-  
stripped sledges.  
Song of the Dead in the South—in the sun by their  
skeleton horses,  
Where the warrigal whimpers and bays through the dust  
of the sere river-courses.  
  
Song of the Dead in the East—in the heat-rotted jungle-  
hollows,*



*Where the dog-ape barks in the kloof—in the brake of  
the buffalo-wallows.*

*Song of the Dead in the West—in the Barrens, the pass  
that betrayed them,*

*Where the wolverine tumbles their packs from the camp  
and the grave-mound they made them ;*

*Hear now the Song of the Dead !*

# I

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-  
stified town ;

We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange  
roads go down.

Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the  
Power with the Need,

Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to  
lead.

As the deer breaks—as the steer breaks—from  
the herd where they graze,

In the faith of little children we went on our ways.  
Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then  
the last water dried—

In the faith of little children we lay down and died.  
On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern-  
scrub we lay,

## RUDYARD KIPLING

That our sons might follow after by the bones  
on the way.  
Follow after—follow after! We have watered  
the root,  
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for  
fruit!  
Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails that we  
lost,  
For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of  
a host.  
Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is  
sown:  
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to  
your own!

*When Drake went down to the Horn  
And England was crowned thereby,  
'Twixt seas unsailed and shores unbailed  
Our Lodge—our Lodge was born  
(And England was crowned thereby!)*

*Which never shall close again  
By day nor yet by night,  
While man shall take his life to stake  
At risk of shoal or main  
(By day nor yet by night)*

*But standeth even so  
 As now we witness here,  
 While men depart, of joyful heart,  
 Adventure for to know  
 (As now bear witness here !)*

II

We have fed our sea for a thousand years  
 And she calls us, still unfed,  
 Though there's never a wave of all her waves  
 But marks our English dead :  
 We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,  
 To the shark and the sheering gull,  
 If blood be the price of admiralty,  
 Lord God, we ha' paid in full !

There's never a flood goes shoreward now  
 But lifts a keel we manned ;  
 There's never an ebb goes seaward now  
 But drops our dead on the sand—  
 But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,  
 From the Ducies to the Swin.  
 If blood be the price of admiralty,  
 If blood be the price of admiralty,  
 Lord God, we ha' paid it in !

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,  
 For that is our doom and pride,  
 As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*,  
 Or the wreck that struck last tide—  
 Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef  
 Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.  
 If blood be the price of admiralty,  
 If blood be the price of admiralty,  
 If blood be the price of admiralty,  
 Lord God, we ha' bought it fair !

## THE DEEP-SEA CABLES

THE wrecks dissolve above us ; their dust drops  
 down from afar—  
 Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the  
 blind white sea-snakes are.  
 There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts  
 of the deep,  
 Or the great grey level plains of ooze where the  
 shell-burred cables creep.  
 Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-  
 ribs of earth  
 Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter  
 and beat—  
 Warning, sorrow, and gain, salutation and mirth—  
 For a Power troubles the Still that has neither  
 voice nor feet.

They have wakened the timeless Things ; they  
have killed their father Time ;  
Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the  
last of the sun.  
Hush ! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the  
ultimate slime,  
And a new Word runs between : whispering,  
“ Let us be one ! ”

## THE SONG OF THE SONS

ONE from the ends of the earth—gifts at an open  
door—  
Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons have  
more !  
From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl  
of a wolf-pack freed,  
Turn, and the world is thine. Mother, be proud  
of thy seed !  
Count, are we feeble or few ? Hear, is our speech  
so rude ?  
Look, are we poor in the land ? Judge, are we  
men of The Blood ?  
  
Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go  
call them in—  
We that were bred overseas wait and would speak  
with our kin.

## RUDYARD KIPLING

Not in the dark do we fight—boggle and flout and  
gibe ;  
Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a  
bribe.  
Gifts have we only to-day—Love without promise  
or fee—  
Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost  
parts of the sea !

## THE SONG OF THE CITIES

### BOMBAY

ROYAL and Dower-royal, I the Queen  
Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands—  
A thousand mills roar through me where I glean  
All races from all lands.

### CALCUTTA

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,  
Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to  
hold.  
Hail, England ! I am Asia—Power on silt,  
Death in my hands, but Gold !

## ENGLAND AND EMPIRE

### MADRAS

Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow,  
Wonderful kisses, so that I became  
Crowned above Queens—a withered beldame now,  
Brooding on ancient fame.

### RANGOON

Hail, Mother ! Do they call me rich in trade ?  
Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,  
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,  
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

### SINGAPORE

Hail, Mother ! East and West must seek my aid  
Ere the spent hull may dare the ports afar.  
The second doorway of the wide world's trade  
Is mine to loose or bar.

### HONG-KONG

Hail, Mother ! Hold me fast ; my Praya sleeps  
Under innumerable keels to-day.  
Yet guard (and landward), or to-morrow sweeps  
Thy warships down the bay !

## RUDYARD KIPLING

### HALIFAX

Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth,  
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,  
The Warden of the Honour of the North,  
Sleepless and veiled am I !

### QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,  
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.  
Now wake we and remember mighty blows,  
And, fearing no man, wait !

### VICTORIA

From East to West the circling word has passed,  
Till West is East beside our land-locked blue ;  
From East to West the tested chain holds fast,  
The well-forged link rings true !

### CAPETOWN

Hail ! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to  
hand,  
I dream my dream, by rock and heath and pine,  
Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land  
From Lion's Head to Line !



## ENGLAND AND EMPIRE

### MELBOURNE

Greeting ! Nor fear nor favour won us place,  
Got between greed of gold and dread of drouth,  
Loud-voiced and reckless as the wild tide-race  
That whips our harbour-mouth !

### SYDNEY

Greeting ! My birth-stain have I turned to good ;  
Forcing strong wills perverse to steadfastness :  
The first flush of the tropics in my blood,  
And at my feet Success !

### BRISBANE

The northern stock beneath the southern skies—  
I build a Nation for an Empire's need,  
Suffer a little, and my land shall rise,  
Queen over lands indeed !

### HOBART

Man's love first found me ; man's hate made me  
Hell ;  
For my babes' sake I cleansed those infamies.  
Earnest for leave to live and labour well,  
God flung me peace and ease.

AUCKLAND

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart—  
 On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,  
 Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart  
 To seek the Happy Isles !

ENGLAND'S ANSWER

TRULY ye come of The Blood ; slower to bless  
 than to ban,  
 Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man—  
 Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that  
 I bare ;  
 Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers  
 were.  
 Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life  
 our tether,  
 But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we  
 come together.  
 My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone  
 by ;  
 Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are  
 not dry.  
 Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the  
 doors,  
 That ye may talk together, your Barons and  
 Councillors—  
 Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower  
 Seas,

Ay, talk to your grey mother that bore you on her  
knees !—

That ye may talk together, brother to brother's  
face—

Thus for the good of your peoples—thus for the  
Pride of the Race.

Also, we will make promise. So long as The  
Blood endures,

I shall know that your good is mine : ye shall feel  
that my strength is yours :

In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight  
of all,

That Our House stand together and the pillars do  
not fall.

Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold  
bands,

And the Law that ye make shall be law after the  
rule of your lands.

This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-  
bloom,

This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the Southern  
Broom.

The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not  
press my will,

Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me  
Mother still.

Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must  
speak to you,

After the use of the English, in straight-flung  
words and few.

Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your  
ways,  
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of  
praise.  
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword  
and pen,  
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a  
world of men !

## THE RIVER'S TALE

(PREHISTORIC)

*TWENTY bridges from Tower to Kew  
Wanted to know what the River knew,  
For they were young and the Thames was old,  
And this is the tale that the River told :—*

“ I walk my beat before London Town,  
Five hours up and seven down.  
Up I go till I end my run  
At Tide-end-town, which is Teddington.  
Down I come with the mud in my hands  
And plaster it over the Maplin Sands.  
But I'd have you know that these waters of mine  
Were once a branch of the River Rhine,

When hundreds of miles to the East I went  
And England was joined to the Continent.

I remember the bat-winged lizard-birds,  
The Age of Ice and the mammoth herds,  
And the giant tigers that stalked them down  
Through Regent's Park into Camden Town.  
And I remember like yesterday  
The earliest Cockney who came my way,  
When he pushed through the forest that lined the  
Strand,

With paint on his face and a club in his hand.  
He was death to feather and fin and fur.  
He trapped my beavers at Westminster.  
He netted my salmon, he hunted my deer,  
He killed my heron off Lambeth Pier.  
He fought his neighbour with axes and swords,  
Flint or bronze, at my upper fords,  
While down at Greenwich, for slaves and tin,  
The tall Phoenician ships stole in,  
And North Sea war-boats, painted and gay,  
Flashed like dragon-flies, Erith way ;  
And Norseman and Negro and Gaul and Greek  
Drank with the Britons in Barking Creek,  
And life was gay, and the world was new,  
And I was a mile across at Kew !  
But the Roman came with a heavy hand,  
And bridged and roaded and ruled the land,  
And the Roman left and the Danes blew in—  
And that's where your history-books begin ! ”

THE LAND

WHEN Julius Fabricius, Sub-Prefect of the Weald,  
In the days of Diocletian owned our Lower River-  
field,

He called to him Hobdenius—a Briton of the Clay,  
Saying : “ What about that River-piece for layin’  
in to hay ? ”

And the aged Hobden answered : “ I remember  
as a lad

My father told your father that she wanted dreenin’  
bad.

An’ the more that you neeglect her the less you’ll  
get her clean.

Have it jest *as* you’ve a mind to, but, if I was you,  
I’d dreene.”

So they drained it long and crossways in the lavish  
Roman style—

Still we find among the river-drift their flakes of  
ancient tile,

And in drouthy middle August, when the bones of  
meadows show,

We can trace the lines they followed sixteen hundred  
years ago.

Then Julius Fabricius died as even Prefects do,  
And after certain centuries, Imperial Rome died  
too.

Then did robbers enter Britain from across the  
 Northern main  
 And our Lower River-field was won by Ogier the  
 Dane.

Well could Ogier work his war-boat—well could  
 Ogier wield his brand—  
 Much he knew of foaming waters—not so much  
 of farming land.  
 So he called to him a Hobden of the old unaltered  
 blood,  
 Saying : “ What about that River-piece ? she  
 doesn’t look no good.”

And that aged Hobden answered : “ ’Tain’t for  
*me* to interfere,  
 But I’ve known that bit o’ meadow now for five  
 and fifty year.  
 Have it *jest* as you’ve a mind to, but I’ve proved it  
 time on time,  
 If you want to change her nature you have *got* to  
 give her lime ! ”

Ogier sent his wains to Lewes, twenty hours’  
 solemn walk,  
 And drew back great abundance of the cool, grey,  
 healing chalk.  
 And old Hobden spread it broadcast, never heeding  
 what was in’t.—  
 Which is why in cleaning ditches, now and then  
 we find a flint.

Ogier died. His sons grew English—Anglo-Saxon was their name—

Till out of blossomed Normandy another pirate came ;

For Duke William conquered England and divided with his men,

And our Lower River-field he gave to William of Warenne.

But the Brook (you know her habit) rose one rainy autumn night

And tore down sodden flitches of the bank to left and right.

So, said William to his Bailiff as they rode their dripping rounds :

“Hob, what about that River-bit—the Brook’s got up no bounds ?”

And that aged Hobden answered : “ ’Tain’t my business to advise,

But ye might ha’ known ’twould happen from the way the valley lies.

Where ye can’t hold back the water you must try and save the sile.

Hev it jest as you’ve a *mind* to, but, if I was you, I’d spile ! ”

They spiled along the water-course with trunks of willow-trees,

And planks of elms behind ’em and immortal oaken knees.



And when the spates of Autumn whirl the gravel-  
beds away  
You can see their faithful fragments, iron-hard in  
iron clay.

. . . . .  
*Georgii Quinti Anno Sexto*, I, who own the River-  
field,  
Am fortified with title-deeds, attested, signed and  
sealed,  
Guaranteeing me, my assigns, my executors and  
heirs  
All sorts of powers and profits which—are neither  
mine nor theirs.

I have rights of chase and warren, as my dignity  
requires.  
I can fish—but Hobden tickles. I can shoot—  
but Hobden wires.  
I repair, but he reopens, certain gaps which, men  
allege,  
Have been used by every Hobden since a Hobden  
swapped a hedge.

Shall I dog his morning progress o'er the track-  
betraying dew?  
Demand his dinner-basket into which my pheasant  
flew?  
Confiscate his evening faggot under which my  
conies ran,  
And summons him to judgment? I would sooner  
summons Pan.

His dead are in the churchyard—thirty generations  
laid.

Their names were old in history when Domesday  
Book was made ;

And the passion and the piety and prowess of his  
line

Have seeded, rooted, fruited in some land the Law  
calls mine.

Not for any beast that burrows, not for any bird  
that flies,

Would I lose his large sound council, miss his keen  
amending eyes.

He is bailiff, woodman, wheelwright, field-  
surveyor, engineer,

And if flagrantly a poacher—'tain't for me to  
interfere.

“Hob, what about that River-bit?” I turn to  
him again,

With Fabricius and Ogier and William of Warenne.

“Hev it jest as you've a mind to, *but*”—and here  
he takes command.

For whoever pays the taxes old Mus' Hobden owns  
the land.

# THE ROMAN CENTURION'S SONG

(ROMAN OCCUPATION OF BRITAIN, A.D. 300)

LEGATE, I had the news last night—my cohort  
ordered home

By ship to Portus Itius and thence by road to Rome.  
I've marched the companies aboard, the arms are  
stowed below :

Now let another take my sword. Command me  
not to go !

I've served in Britain forty years, from Vectis to  
the Wall.

I have none other home than this, nor any life  
at all.

Last night I did not understand, but, now the hour  
draws near

That calls me to my native land, I feel that land is  
here.

Here where men say my name was made, here  
where my work was done ;

Here where my dearest dead are laid—my wife—  
my wife and son ;

Here where time, custom, grief and toil, age,  
memory, service, love,

Have rooted me in British soil. Ah, how can I  
remove ?

For me this land, that sea, these airs, those folk and  
fields suffice.

What purple Southern pomp can match our  
changeful Northern skies,

Black with December snows unshed or pearled  
with August haze—

The clanging arch of steel-grey March, or June's  
long-lighted days ?

You'll follow widening Rhodanus till vine and  
olive lean

Aslant before the sunny breeze that sweeps  
Nemausus clean

To Arelate's triple gate ; but let me linger on,  
Here where our stiff-necked British oaks confront  
Euroclydon !

You'll take the old Aurelian Road through shore-  
descending pines

Where, blue as any peacock's neck, the Tyrrhene  
Ocean shines.

You'll go where laurel crowns are won, but—will  
you e'er forget

The scent of hawthorn in the sun, or bracken in  
the wet ?

Let me work here for Britain's sake—at any task  
you will—

A marsh to drain, a road to make or native troops  
to drill.

Some Western camp (I know the Pict) or granite  
 Border keep,  
 Mid seas of heather derelict, where our old mess-  
 mates sleep.

Legate, I come to you in tears—My cohort ordered  
 home !

I've served in Britain forty years. What should I  
 do in Rome ?

Here is my heart, my soul, my mind—the only life  
 I know.

I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not to  
 go !

## THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS

THEY shut the road through the woods  
 Seventy years ago.  
 Weather and rain have undone it again,  
 And now you would never know  
 There was once a road through the woods  
 Before they planted the trees.  
 It is underneath the coppice and heath,  
 And the thin anemones.  
 Only the keeper sees  
 That, where the ring-dove broods,  
 And the badgers roll at ease,  
 There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods  
 Of a summer evening late,  
 When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools  
 Where the otter whistles his mate,  
 (They fear not men in the woods,  
 Because they see so few.)  
 You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,  
 And the swish of a skirt in the dew,  
 Steadily cantering through  
 The misty solitudes,  
 As though they perfectly knew  
 The old lost road through the woods. . . .  
 But there is no road through the woods.

## A TREE SONG

(A. D. 1200)

OF ALL the trees that grow so fair,  
 Old England to adorn,  
 Greater are none beneath the Sun,  
 Than Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.  
 Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs,  
 (All of a Midsummer morn !)  
 Surely we sing no little thing,  
 In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn !

Oak of the Clay lived many a day,  
 Or ever Æneas began.  
 Ash of the Loam was a lady at home,  
 When Brut was an outlaw man.

Thorn of the Down saw New Troy 'Town  
 (From which was London born) ;  
 Witness hereby the ancientry  
 Of Oak, and Ash, and Thorn !

Yew that is old in churchyard-mould,  
 He breedeth a mighty bow.  
 Alder for shoes do wise men choose,  
 And beech for cups also.  
 But when ye have killed, and your bowl is spilled,  
 And your shoes are clean outworn,  
 Back ye must speed for all that ye need,  
 To Oak, and Ash, and Thorn !

Ellum she hateth mankind, and waiteth  
 Till every gust be laid,  
 To drop a limb on the head of him  
 That anyway trusts her shade.  
 But whether a lad be sober or sad,  
 Or mellow with ale from the horn,  
 He will take no wrong when he lieth along  
 'Neath Oak, and Ash, and Thorn !

Oh, do not tell the Priest our plight,  
 Or he would call it a sin ;  
 But—we have been out in the woods all night,  
 A-conjuring Summer in !  
 And we bring you news by word of mouth—  
 Good news for cattle and corn—  
 Now is the Sun come up from the South,  
 With Oak, and Ash, and Thorn !

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, good sirs  
 (All of a Midsummer morn) !  
 England shall bide till Judgment Tide,  
 By Oak, and Ash, and Thorn !

## THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

OUR England is a garden that is full of stately  
 views,  
 Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and  
 avenues,  
 With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting  
 by ;  
 But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than  
 meets the eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow, along the  
 thin red wall,  
 You find the tool- and potting-sheds which are the  
 heart of all ;  
 The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dungpits  
 and the tanks,  
 The rollers, carts and drain-pipes, with the barrows  
 and the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and  
 'prentice boys  
 Told off to do as they are bid and do it without  
 noise ;  
 For, except when seeds are planted and we shout  
 to scare the birds,  
 The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.



And some can pot begonias and some can bud a  
 rose,  
 And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that  
 grows ;  
 But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the  
 sand and loam,  
 For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who  
 come.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are  
 not made  
 By singing :—" Oh, how beautiful ! " and sitting  
 in the shade,  
 While better men than we go out and start their  
 working lives  
 At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken  
 dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a  
 head so thick,  
 There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a  
 heart so sick,  
 But it can find some needful job that's crying to  
 be done,  
 For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work  
 till further orders,  
 If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on  
 borders ;

## RUDYARD KIPLING

And when your back stops aching and your hands  
begin to harden,  
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of  
the Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made  
him sees  
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon  
his knees,  
So when your work is finished, you can wash your  
hands and pray  
For the Glory of the Garden, that it may not pass  
away !  
*And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away !*

## SUSSEX

1902

GOD gave all men all earth to love,  
But since our hearts are small,  
Ordained for each one spot should prove  
Belovèd over all ;  
That, as He watched Creation's birth,  
So we, in godlike mood,  
May of our love create our earth  
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,  
 As one some Surrey glade,  
 Or one the palm-grove's droned lament  
 Before Levuka's Trade.  
 Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
 The lot has fallen to me  
 In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
 Yea, Sussex by the sea !

No tender-hearted garden crowns,  
 No bosomed woods adorn  
 Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,  
 But gnarled and writhen thorn—  
 Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,  
 And, through the gaps revealed,  
 Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim,  
 Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,  
 Half-wild and wholly tame,  
 The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge  
 As when the Romans came.  
 What sign of those that fought and died  
 At shift of sword and sword ?  
 The barrow and the camp abide,  
 The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west  
 All heavy-winged with brine,  
 Here lies above the folded crest  
 The Channel's leaden line ;

And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,  
 And here, each warning each,  
 The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring  
 Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight  
 Our broad and brookless vales—  
 Only the dewpond on the height  
 Unfed, that never fails—  
 Whereby no tattered herbage tells  
 Which way the season flies—  
 Only our close-bit thyme that smells  
 Like dawn in Paradise.

Here, through the strong and shadeless days  
 The tinkling silence thrills ;  
 Or little, lost, Down churches praise  
 The Lord who made the hills :  
 But here the Old Gods guard their round,  
 And, in her secret heart,  
 The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found  
 Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,  
 With equal soul I'd see  
 Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,  
 Yet none more fair than she.  
 Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,  
 And I will choose instead  
 Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,  
 Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun  
 Where the rolled scarp retires,

And the Long Man of Wilmington  
 Looks naked toward the shires ;  
 And east till doubling Rother crawls  
 To find the fickle tide,  
 By dry and sea-forgotten walls,  
 Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws  
 And the deep ghylls that breed  
 Huge oaks and old, the which we hold  
 No more than Sussex weed ;  
 Or south where windy Piddinghoe's  
 Begilded dolphin veers  
 And red beside wide-bankèd Ouse  
 Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give  
 Till the sure magic strike,  
 And Memory, Use, and Love make live  
 Us and our fields alike—  
 That deeper than our speech and thought,  
 Beyond our reason's sway,  
 Clay of the pit whence we were wrought  
 Yearns to its fellow-clay.

*God gives all men all earth to love,  
 But since man's heart is small,  
 Ordains for each one spot shall prove  
 Belovèd over all.*

*Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
 The lot has fallen to me  
 In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
 Yea, Sussex by the sea !*

A SCHOOL SONG

*(Prelude to Stalky and Co.)*

“LET us now praise famous men”—

Men of little showing—  
For their work continueth,  
And their work continueth,  
Broad and deep continueth,  
Greater than their knowing !

Western wind and open surge  
Took us from our mothers—  
Flung us on a naked shore  
(Twelve bleak houses by the shore !  
Seven summers by the shore !)  
’Mid two hundred brothers.

There we met with famous men  
Set in office o’er us ;  
And they beat on us with rods—  
Faithfully with many rods—  
Daily beat us on with rods,  
For the love they bore us !

Out of Egypt unto Troy—  
Over Himalaya—  
Far and sure our bands have gone—  
Hy-Brazil or Babylon,  
Islands of the Southern Run,  
And Cities of Cathaia !

And we all praise famous men—  
Ancients of the College ;

For they taught us common sense—  
 Tried to teach us common sense—  
 Truth and God's Own Common Sense,  
 Which is more than knowledge !

Each degree of Latitude  
 Strung about Creation  
 Seeth one or more of us  
 (Of one muster each of us),  
 Diligent in that he does,  
 Keen in his vocation.

This we learned from famous men,  
 Knowing not its uses,  
 When they showed, in daily work,  
 Man must finish off his work—  
 Right or wrong, his daily work—  
 And without excuses.

Servants of the Staff and chain,  
 Mine and fuse and grapnel—  
 Some, before the face of Kings,  
 Stand before the face of Kings ;  
 Bearing gifts to divers Kings—  
 Gifts of case and shrapnel.

This we learned from famous men  
 Teaching in our borders,  
 Who declarèd it was best,  
 Safest, easiest, and best—  
 Expeditious, wise, and best—  
 To obey your orders.

Some beneath the further stars  
 Bear the greater burden :  
 Set to serve the lands they rule,  
 (Save he serve no man may rule),  
 Serve and love the lands they rule ;  
 Seeking praise nor guerdon.

This we learned from famous men,  
 Knowing not we learned it.  
 Only, as the years went by—  
 Lonely, as the years went by—  
 Far from help as years went by,  
 Plainer we discerned it.

Wherefore praise we famous men  
 From whose bays we borrow—  
 They that put aside To-day—  
 All the joys of their To-day—  
 And with toil of their To-day  
 Bought for us To-morrow !

*Bless and praise we famous men—  
 Men of little showing—  
 For their work continueth,  
 And their work continueth,  
 Broad and deep continueth,  
 Great beyond their knowing !*

## TOMMY

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,  
 The publican 'e up an' sez, " We serve no red-  
 coats here."



The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled  
fit to die,

I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I :

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'  
"Tommy, go away" ;

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when  
the band begins to play—

The band begins to play, my boys, the band  
begins to play,

O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the  
band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,

They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none  
for me ;

They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,  
But when it comes to fightin', Lord ! they'll shove  
me in the stalls !

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'  
"Tommy, wait outside" ;

But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the  
trooper's on the tide—

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the  
troopship's on the tide,

O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the  
trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you  
while you sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're star-  
vation cheap ;

An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin'  
 large a bit  
 Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.  
 Then it's 'Tommy this, an' 'Tommy that, an'  
 " 'Tommy, 'ow's yer soul ? "  
 But it's " 'Thin red line of 'eroes " when the  
 drums begin to roll—  
 The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums  
 begin to roll,  
 O it's " 'Thin red line of 'eroes " when the  
 drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no  
 blackguards too,  
 But single men in barricks, most remarkable like  
 you ;  
 An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy  
 paints,  
 Why, single men in barricks don't grow into  
 plaster saints ;  
 While it's 'Tommy this, an' 'Tommy that, an'  
 " 'Tommy, fall be'ind,"  
 But it's " 'Please to walk in front, sir," when  
 there's trouble in the wind—  
 There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's  
 trouble in the wind,  
 O it's " 'Please to walk in front, sir," when  
 there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an'  
 fires, an all :

We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.  
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove  
it to our face

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's  
disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'  
"Chuck him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the  
guns begin to shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'  
anything you please;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet  
that Tommy sees!

## THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR

WHEN you've shouted "Rule Britannia," when  
you've sung "God Save the Queen,"

When you've finished killing Kruger with your  
mouth,

Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little  
tambourine

For a gentleman in *khaki* ordered South?

He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses  
are great—

But we and Paul must take him as we find him—  
He is out on active service, wiping something off  
a slate—

And he's left a lot of little things behind him!  
Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings—

(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table  
Bay !)

Each of 'em doing his country's work  
(and who's to look after their things ?)  
Pass the hat for your credit's sake,  
and pay—pay—pay !

There are girls he married secret, asking no per-  
mission to,

For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did.  
There is gas and coals and vittles, and the house-  
rent falling due,

And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.  
There are girls he walked with casual. They'll be  
sorry now he's gone,

For an absent-minded beggar they will find him,  
But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter  
coming on.

We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind  
him !

Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a belted Earl—  
Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same  
to-day !

Each of 'em doing his country's work  
(and who's to look after the girl ?)  
Pass the hat for your credit's sake,  
and pay—pay—pay !

There are families by thousands, far too proud to  
beg or speak,

And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the  
spout,

And they'll live on half o' nothing, paid 'em  
punctual once a week,

'Cause the man that earns the wage is ordered  
out.

He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his  
country call,

And his reg'ment didn't need to send to find  
him !

He chucked his job and joined it—so the job before  
us all

Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind  
him !

Duke's job—cook's job—gardener, baronet,  
groom,

Mews or palace or paper-shop, there's someone  
gone away !

Each of 'em doing his country's work  
(and who's to look after the room ?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake,  
and pay—pay—pay !

Let us manage so as, later, we can look him in the  
face,

And tell him—what he'd very much prefer—  
That, while he saved the Empire, his employer  
saved his place,

And his mates (that's you and me) looked out  
for *her*.

He's an absent-minded beggar and he may forget  
it all,

But we do not want his kiddies to remind him

That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their  
 daddy hammered Paul,  
 So we'll help the homes that Tommy left behind  
 him !  
 Cook's home — Duke's home — home of a  
 millionaire,  
 (Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table  
 Bay !)  
 Each of 'em doing his country's work  
 (and what have you got to spare ?)  
 Pass the hat for your credit's sake,  
 and pay—pay—pay !

# PIET

*(Regular of the Line)*

I do not love my Empire's foes,  
 Nor call 'em angels ; still,  
 What *is* the sense of 'atin' those  
 'Oom you are paid to kill ?  
 So, barrin' all that foreign lot  
 Which only joined for spite,  
 Myself, I'd just as soon as not  
 Respect the man I fight.  
 Ah there, Piet !—'is trousers to 'is knees,  
 'Is coat-tails lyin' level in the bullet-sprinkled  
 breeze ;  
 'E does not lose 'is rifle an' 'e does not lose  
 'is seat.  
 I've known a lot 'o people ride a dam' sight  
 worse than Piet.

I've 'eard 'im cryin' from the ground  
 Like Abel's blood of old,  
 An' skirmished out to look, an' found  
 The beggar nearly cold.

I've waited on till 'e was dead  
 (Which couldn't 'elp 'im much),  
 But many grateful things 'e's said  
 To me for doin' such.

Ah there, Piet ! whose time 'as come to die,  
 'Is carcase past rebellion, but 'is eyes inquiren'  
 why.

Though dressed in stolen uniform with badge  
 o' rank complete,  
 I've known a lot o' fellers go a dam' sight  
 worse than Piet.

An' when there wasn't aught to do  
 But camp and cattle-guards,  
 I've fought with 'im the 'ole day through  
 At fifteen 'undred yards ;  
 Long afternoons o' lyin' still,  
 An' 'earin' as you lay  
 The bullets swish from 'ill to 'ill  
 Like scythes among the 'ay.

Ah there, Piet !—be'ind 'is stony kop—  
 With 'is Boer bread an' biltong,<sup>1</sup> an' 'is flask  
 of awful Dop ;<sup>2</sup>

'Is Mauser for amusement an' 'is pony for  
 retreat,

I've known a lot o' fellers shoot a dam' sight  
 worse than Piet.

<sup>1</sup> Dried meat.    <sup>2</sup> Cape brandy.

He's shoved 'is rifle 'neath my nose  
 Before I'd time to think,  
 An' borrowed all my Sunday clo'es  
 An' sent me 'ome in pink ;  
 An' I 'ave crept (Lord, 'ow I've crept !)  
 On 'ands an' knees I've gone,  
 And spooed and floored and caught and kept  
 An' sent him to Ceylon !<sup>1</sup>

Ah there, Piet !—you've sold me many a pup,  
 When week on week alternate it was you an'  
 me “ 'ands up ! ”

But though I never made *you* walk man-  
 naked in the 'eat,  
 I've known a lot o' fellers stalk a dam' sight  
 worse than Piet.

From Plewman's to Marabastad,  
 From Ookiep to De Aar,  
 Me an' my trusty friend 'ave 'ad,  
 As you might say, a war ;  
 But seein' what both parties done  
 Before 'e owned defeat,  
 I ain't more proud of 'avin' won,  
 Than I am pleased with Piet.

Ah there, Piet !—picked up be'ind the drive !  
 The wonder wasn't 'ow 'e fought, but 'ow 'e  
 kep' alive,

With nothin' in 'is belly, on 'is back, or to 'is  
 feet—

I've known a lot o' men behave a dam' sight  
 worse than Piet.

<sup>1</sup> One of the camps for prisoners of this war was in Ceylon.



No more I'll 'ear 'is rifle crack  
 Along the block'ouse fence—  
 The beggar's on the peaceful tack,  
 Regardless of expense ;  
 For countin' what 'e eats an' draws,  
 An' gifts an' loans as well,  
 'E's gettin' 'alf the Earth, because  
 'E didn't give us 'Ell !  
 Ah there, Piet ! with your brand-new English  
 plough,  
 Your gratis tents an' cattle, an' your most  
 ungrateful frow,  
 You've made the British taxpayer rebuild your  
 country-seat—  
 I've known some pet battalions charge a dam'  
 sight less than Piet.

## THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

1899

TAKE up the White Man's burden—  
 Send forth the best ye breed—  
 Go bind your sons to exile  
 To serve your captives' need ;  
 To wait in heavy harness,  
 On fluttered folk and wild—  
 Your new-caught, sullen peoples,  
 Half-devil and half-child.

## RUDYARD KIPLING

Take up the White Man's Burden—

In patience to abide,  
To veil the threat of terror  
And check the show of pride ;  
By open speech and simple,  
An hundred times made plain,  
To seek another's profit,  
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—

The savage wars of peace—  
Fill full the mouth of Famine  
And bid the sickness cease ;  
And when your goal is nearest  
The end for others sought,  
Watch Sloth and heathen Folly  
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—

No tawdry rule of kings,  
But toil of serf and sweeper—  
The tale of common things.  
The ports ye shall not enter,  
The roads ye shall not tread,  
Go make them with your living,  
And mark them with your dead !

Take up the White Man's burden—

And reap his old reward :  
The blame of those ye better,  
The hate of those ye guard—

## ENGLAND AND EMPIRE

The cry of hosts ye humour  
    (Ah, slowly !) toward the light :—  
“ Why brought ye us from bondage,  
    “ Our loved Egyptian night ? ”

Take up the White Man's burden—  
    Ye dare not stoop to less—  
Nor call too loud on Freedom  
    To cloak your weariness ;  
By all ye cry or whisper,  
    By all ye leave or do,  
The silent, sullen peoples  
    Shall weigh your Gods and you:

Take up the White Man's burden—  
    Have done with childish days—  
The lightly proffered laurel,  
    The easy, ungrudged praise.  
Comes now, to search your manhood  
    Through all the thankless years,  
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,  
    The judgment of your peers !

## THE SONG OF THE WOMEN

*(Lady Dufferin's Fund for medical aid to the Women  
    of India)*

How shall she know the worship we would do her ?  
    The walls are high and she is very far.  
How shall the women's message reach unto her  
    Above the tumult of the packed bazaar ?

Free wind of March, against the lattice  
blowing,  
Bear thou our thanks lest she depart un-  
knowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in,  
Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city  
To whatsoe'er fair place she hath her home in,  
Who dowered us with wealth of love and pity.  
Out of our shadow pass and seek her singing—  
“ I have no gifts but Love alone for bringing.”

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,  
But old in grief, and very wise in tears :  
Say that we, being desolate, entreat her  
That she forget us not in after-years ;  
For we have seen the light and it were grievous  
To dim that dawning if our Lady leave us.

By Life that ebbed with none to staunch the failing,  
By Love's sad harvest garnered ere the spring,  
When Love in Ignorance wept unavailing  
O'er young buds dead before their blossoming ;  
By all the grey owl watched, the pale moon  
viewed,  
In past grim years declare our gratitude !

By hands uplifted to the Gods that heard not,  
By gifts that found no favour in their sight,  
By faces bent above the babe that stirred not,  
By nameless horrors of the stifling night ;  
By ills fordone, by peace her toils discover,

## ENGLAND AND EMPIRE

Bid Earth be good beneath and Heaven above  
her !

If she have sent her servants in our pain,  
If she have fought with Death and dulled his  
sword ;

If she have given back our sick again,  
And to the breast the weakling lips restored,  
Is it a little thing that she has wrought ?  
Then Life and Death and Motherhood be  
nought.

Go forth, O Wind, our message on thy wings,  
And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee speed,  
In reed-roofed hut, or white-walled home of kings,  
Who have been holpen by her in their need.  
All spring shall give thee fragrance, and the  
wheat  
Shall be a tasselled floorcloth to thy feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee, take no rest !  
Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to sea  
Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confest,  
Of those in darkness by her hand set free,  
Then very softly to her presence move,  
And whisper : " Lady, lo, they know and  
love ! "

## RECESSIONAL

1897

God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle-lir

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Dr. TPM. Lib. MKU



RACK : C125:3

Beneath whose awful Hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies ;  
 The Captains and the Kings depart :  
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Far-called, our navies melt away ;  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire :  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !  
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
 In reeking tube and iron shard,  
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
 And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,  
 For frantic boast and foolish word—  
 Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord !

*MEN AND WOMEN*

“WHEN ’OMER SMOTE ’IS BLOOMIN’ LYRE”

THE LADIES

“RIMINI”

THE VAMPIRE

TOMLINSON

PAGETT, M.P.

M’ANDREW’S HYMN

MULHOLLAND’S CONTRACT

GUNGA DIN

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

“BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN”

THE MOTHER-LODGE

POSSIBILITIES

IF—





“WHEN ’OMER SMOTE ’IS  
BLOOMIN’ LYRE”

WHEN ’Omer smote ’is bloomin’ lyre,  
He’d ’eard men sing by land an’ sea ;  
An’ what he thought ’e might require,  
’E went an’ took—the same as me !

The market-girls an’ fishermen,  
The shepherds an’ the sailors, too,  
They ’eard old songs turn up again,  
But kep’ it quiet—same as you !

They knew ’e stole ; ’e knew they knowed.  
They didn’t tell, nor make a fuss,  
But winked at ’Omer down the road,  
An’ ’e winked back—the same as us !

THE LADIES

I’VE taken my fun where I’ve found it ;  
I’ve rogued an’ I’ve ranged in my time ;  
I’ve ’ad my pickin’ o’ sweethearts,  
An’ four o’ the lot was prime.  
One was an ’arf-caste widow,  
One was a woman at Prome,  
One was the wife of a *jemadar-sais*,<sup>1</sup>  
An’ one is a girl at ’ome.

*Now I aren’t no ’and with the ladies,  
For, takin’ ’em all along,  
You never can say till you’ve tried ’em,  
An’ then you are like to be wrong.*

<sup>1</sup> Head-groom.

*There's times when you'll think that you mightn't,  
There's times when you'll know that you might,  
But the things you will learn from the Yellow an' Brown,  
They'll 'elp you a lot with the White !*

I was a young un at 'Oogli,  
Shy as a girl to begin ;  
Aggie de Castrer she made me,  
An' Aggie was clever as sin ;  
Older than me, but my first un—  
More like a mother she were—  
Showed me the way to promotion an' pay,  
An' I learned about women from 'er !

Then I was ordered to Burma,  
Actin' in charge o' Bazar,  
An' I got me a tiddy live 'eathen  
Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa.  
Funny an' yellow an' faithful—  
Doll in a teacup she were—  
But we lived on the square, like a true-married pair,  
An' I learned about women from 'er !

Then we was shifted to Neemuch  
(Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),  
An' I took with a shiny she-devil,  
The wife of a nigger at Mhow ;  
'Taught me the gipsy-folks' *bole* ;<sup>1</sup>  
Kind o' volcano she were,  
For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished she  
was white,  
And I learned about women from 'er !

<sup>1</sup> Slang.

## MEN AND WOMEN

Then I come 'ome in a trooper,  
    'Long of a kid o' sixteen—  
'Girl from a convent at Meerut,  
    The straightest I ever 'ave seen.  
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,  
    *She* didn't know what it were ;  
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er too much,  
    But—I learned about women from 'er !

I've taken my fun where I've found it,  
    An' now I must pay for my fun,  
For the more you 'ave known o' the others  
    The less will you settle to one ;  
An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin',  
    An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see ;  
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will  
    not),  
    An' learn about women from me !

*What did the Colonel's Lady think ?  
    Nobody never knew.  
Somebody asked the Sergeant's Wife,  
    An' she told 'em true !  
When you get to a man in the case,  
    They're like as a row of pins—  
For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady  
    Are sisters under their skins !*

“RIMINI”

*(Marching Song of a Roman Legion of the Later Empire)*

WHEN I left Rome for Lalage's sake,  
By the Legions' Road to Rimini,  
She vowed her heart was mine to take  
With me and my shield to Rimini—  
(Till the Eagles flew from Rimini—)  
And I've tramped Britain, and I've tramped Gaul,  
And the Pontic shore where the snow-flakes fall  
As white as the neck of Lalage—  
(As cold as the heart of Lalage !)  
And I've lost Britain, and I've lost Gaul,  
And I've lost Rome and, worst of all,  
I've lost Lalage !

When you go by the Via Aurelia,  
As thousands have travelled before,  
Remember the Luck of the Soldier  
Who never saw Rome any more !  
Oh dear was the sweetheart that kissed him,  
And dear was the mother that bore ;  
But his shield was picked up in the heather,  
And he never saw Rome any more !

And *he* left Rome, etc.

When you go by the Via Aurelia  
That runs from the City to Gaul,  
Remember the Luck of the Soldier  
Who rose to be master of all !

## MEN AND WOMEN

He carried the sword and the buckler,  
He mounted his guard on the Wall,  
Till the Legions elected him Cæsar,  
And he rose to be master of all !

And *he* left Rome, etc.

It's twenty-five marches to Narbo,  
It's forty-five more up the Rhone,  
And the end may be death in the heather  
Or life on an Emperor's throne.  
But whether the Eagles obey us,  
Or we go to the Ravens—alone,  
I'd sooner be Lalage's lover  
Than sit on an Emperor's throne !

We've *all* left Rome for Lalage's sake, etc.

## THE VAMPIRE

1897

A FOOL there was and he made his prayer  
(Even as you and I !)  
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair  
(We called her the woman who did not care)  
But the fool he called her his lady fair—  
(Even as you and I !)

*Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste  
And the work of our head and hand  
Belong to the woman who did not know  
(And now we know that she never could know)  
And did not understand !*

## RUDYARD KIPLING

A fool there was and his goods he spent  
(Even as you and I !)  
Honour and faith and a sure intent  
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)  
But a fool must follow his natural bent  
(Even as you and I !)

*Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost  
And the excellent things we planned  
Belong to the woman who didn't know why  
(And now we know that she never knew why)  
And did not understand !*

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide  
(Even as you and I !)  
Which she might have seen when she threw him  
aside—  
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)  
So some of him lived but the most of him died—  
(Even as you and I !)

*And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame  
That stings like a white hot brand—  
It's coming to know that she never knew why  
(Seeing, at last, she could never know why)  
And never could understand !*

## TOMLINSON

1891

Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost at his house in  
Berkeley Square,  
And a Spirit came to his bedside and gripped him  
by the hair—

A Spirit gripped him by the hair and carried him  
far away,

Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar  
of the Milky Way :

Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down  
and drone and cease,

And they came to the Gate within the Wall where  
Peter holds the keys.

“ Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer  
loud and high

“ The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever  
ye came to die—

“ The good that ye did for the sake of men on little  
earth so lone ! ”

And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as a  
rain-washed bone.

“ O I have a friend on earth,” he said, “ that was  
my priest and guide,

“ And well would he answer all for me if he were  
at my side.”

—“ For that ye strove in neighbour-love it shall  
be written fair,

“ But now ye wait at Heaven’s Gate and not in  
Berkeley Square :

“ Though we called your friend from his bed this  
night, he could not speak for you,

“ For the race is run by one and one and never by  
two and two.”

Then Tomlinson looked up and down, and little  
gain was there,

For the naked stars grinned overhead, and he saw  
that his soul was bare.

The Wind that blows between the Worlds, it cut  
him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of his  
good in life.

“O this I have read in a book,” he said, “and that  
was told to me,

“And this I have thought that another man  
thought of a Prince in Muscovy.”

The good souls flocked like homing doves and  
bade him clear the path,

And Peter twirled the jangling Keys in weariness  
and wrath.

“Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,”  
he said, “and the tale is yet to run :

“By the worth of the body that once ye had, give  
answer—what ha’ ye done ? ”

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and little  
good it bore,

For the darkness stayed at his shoulder-blade and  
Heaven’s Gate before :—

“O this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and  
this I have heard men say,

“And this they wrote that another man wrote of a  
carl in Norroway.”

“Ye have read, ye have felt, ye have guessed,  
good lack ! Ye have hampered Heaven’s  
Gate ;

“There’s little room between the stars in idleness  
to prate !



“ O none may reach by hired speech of neighbour,  
priest, and kin

“ Through borrowed deed to God’s good meed  
that lies so fair within ;

“ Get hence, get hence to the Lord of Wrong, for  
the doom has yet to run,

“ And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley  
Square uphold you, Tomlinson ! ”

The Spirit gripped him by the hair, and sun by  
sun they fell

Till they came to the belt of Naughty Stars that  
rim the mouth of Hell.

The first are red with pride and wrath, the next are  
white with pain,

But the third are black with clinkered sin that  
cannot burn again.

They may hold their path, they may leave their  
path, with never a soul to mark :

They may burn or freeze, but they must not cease  
in the Scorn of the Outer Dark.

The Wind that blows between the Worlds, it  
nipped him to the bone,

And he yearned to the flare of Hell-gate there as  
the light of his own hearth-stone.

The Devil he sat behind the bars, where the des-  
perate legions drew,

But he caught the hasting Tomlinson and would  
not let him through.

“ Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must  
pay ? ” said he,

“ That ye rank yoursel’ so fit for Hell and ask no  
leave of me ?

“ I am all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that ye should  
give me scorn,

“ For I strove with God for your First Father the  
day that he was born.

“ Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer  
loud and high

“ The harm that ye did to the Sons of Men or ever  
you came to die.”

And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw against  
the night

The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-  
Mouth light ;

And Tomlinson looked down and down, and saw  
beneath his feet

The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in Hell-  
Mouth heat.

“ O I had a love on earth,” said he, “ that kissed  
me to my fall ;

“ And if ye would call my love to me I know she  
would answer all.”

—“ All that ye did in love forbid it shall be written  
fair,

“ But now ye wait at Hell-Mouth Gate and not in  
Berkeley Square :

“ Though we whistled your love from her bed  
to-night, I trow she would not run,

“ For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay  
for one by one ! ”

The Wind that blows between the Worlds, it cut  
him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of his  
sins in life :—

“Once I ha’ laughed at the power of Love and  
twice at the grip of the Grave,

“And thrice I ha’ patted my God on the head that  
men might call me brave.”

The Devil he blew on a brandered soul and set it  
aside to cool :—

“Do ye think I would waste my good pit-coal on  
the hide of a brain-sick fool ?

“I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the  
jolthead jest ye did

“That I should waken my gentlemen that are  
sleeping three on a grid.”

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and there  
was little grace.

For Hell-Gate filled the houseless soul with the  
Fear of Naked Space.

“Nay, this I ha’ heard,” quo’ Tomlinson, “and  
this was noised abroad,

“And this I ha’ got from a Belgian book on the  
word of a dead French lord.”

—“Ye ha’ heard, ye ha’ read, ye ha’ got, good  
lack ! and the tale begins afresh—

“Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o’ the eye  
or the sinful lust of the flesh ? ”

Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yam-  
mered, “Let me in—

“ For I mind that I borrowed my neighbour’s wife  
to sin the deadly sin.”

The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and banked  
the fires high :

“ Did ye read of that sin in a book ? ” said he ;  
and Tomlinson said, “ Ay ! ”

The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little  
devils ran,

And he said : “ Go husk this whimpering thief  
that comes in the guise of a man :

“ Winnow him out ’twixt star and star, and sieve  
his proper worth :

“ There’s sore decline in Adam’s line if this be  
spawn of earth.”

Empusa’s crew, so naked-new they may not face  
the fire,

But weep that they bin too small to sin to the  
height of their desire,

Over the coal they chased the Soul, and racked it  
all abroad,

As children rifle a caddis-case or the raven’s foolish  
hoard.

And back they came with the tattered Thing, as  
children after play,

And they said : “ The soul that he got from God  
he has bartered clean away.

“ We have threshed a stook of print and book,  
and winnowed a chattering wind,

“ And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his  
we cannot find.

“ We have handled him, we have dandled him, we  
have seared him to the bone,

“ And Sire, if tooth and nail show truth he has no  
soul of his own.”

The Devil he bowed his head on his breast and  
rumbled deep and low :—

“ I’m all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that I should  
bid him go.

“ Yet close we lie, and deep we lie, and if I gave  
him place,

“ My gentlemen that are so proud would flout me  
to my face ;

“ They’d call my house a common stews and me a  
careless host,

“ And—I would not anger my gentlemen for the  
sake of a shiftless ghost.”

The Devil he looked at the mangled Soul that  
prayed to feel the flame,

And he thought of Holy Charity, but he thought  
of his own good name :—

“ Now ye could haste my coal to waste, and sit ye  
down to fry.

“ Did ye think of that theft for yourself ? ” said he ;  
and Tomlinson said, “ Ay ! ”

The Devil he blew an outward breath, for his heart  
was free from care :—

“ Ye have scarce the soul of a louse,” he said,  
“ but the roots of sin are there.

“ And for that sin should ye come in were I the  
lord alone,

- “ But sinful pride has rule inside—ay, mightier  
than my own.
- “ Honour and Wit, fore-damned they sit, to each  
his Priest and Whore ;
- “ Nay, scarce I dare myself go there, and you they’d  
torture sore.
- “ Ye are neither spirit nor spirk,” he said ; “ ye  
are neither book nor brute—
- “ Go, get ye back to the flesh again for the sake of  
Man’s repute.
- “ I’m all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that I should  
mock your pain,
- “ But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come  
back again.
- “ Get hence, the hearse is at your door—the grim  
black stallions wait—
- “ They bear your clay to place to-day. Speed,  
lest ye come too late !
- “ Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed—go back  
with an open eye,
- “ And carry my word to the Sons of Men or ever  
ye come to die :
- “ That the sin they do by two and two they must  
pay for one by one,
- “ And . . . the God, that you took from a printed  
book be with you, Tomlinson ! ”

## MEN AND WOMEN

### PAGETT, M.P.

*The toad beneath the harrow knows  
Exactly where each tooth-point goes ;  
The butterfly upon the road  
Preaches contentment to that toad.*

PAGETT, M.P., was a liar, and a fluent liar therewith,—

He spoke of the heat of India as “ The Asian Solar Myth ” ;

’Came on a four months’ visit, to “ study the East ” in November,

And I got him to make an agreement vowing to stay till September.

March came in with the *kōil*. Pagett was cool and gay,

Called me a “ bloated Brahmin,” talked of my “ princely pay.”

March went out with the roses. “ Where is your heat ? ” said he.

“ Coming,” said I to Pagett. “ Skittles ! ” said Pagett, M.P.

April began with the punkah, coolies, and prickly-heat,—

Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sandflies found him a treat.

He grew speckled and lumpy—hammered, I grieve to say,

Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an illiberal way.

May set in with a dust-storm,—Pagett went down  
with the sun.

All the delights of the season tickled him one by  
one.

*Imprimis*—ten days' "liver"—due to his drinking  
beer ;

Later, a dose of fever—slight, but he called it  
severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the *Chota*  
*Bursat*<sup>1</sup>—

Lowered his portly person—made him yearn to  
depart.

He didn't call me a "Brahmin," or "bloated," or  
"over-paid,"

But seemed to think it a wonder that any one ever  
stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy,—Pagett was ill with  
fear,

Called it the "Cholera Morbus," hinted that life  
was dear.

He babbled of "Eastern exile," and mentioned his  
home with tears ;

But I hadn't seen *my* children for close upon seven  
years.

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the  
Court at noon,

[I've mentioned Pagett was portly] Pagett went  
off in a swoon.

<sup>1</sup> The early rains.



That was an end to the business. Pagett, the  
perjured, fled  
With a practical, working knowledge of "Solar  
Myths" in his head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station, but the  
mirth died out on my lips  
As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write  
of their "Eastern trips,"  
And the sneers of the travelled idiots who duly  
misgovern the land,  
And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one  
into my hand.

## M'ANDREW'S HYMN

1893

LORD, Thou hast made this world below the  
shadow of a dream,  
An', taught by time, I tak' it so—exceptin' always  
Steam.  
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy  
Hand, O God—  
Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.  
John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enorr-  
mous, certain, slow—  
Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—*my*  
"Institutio."  
I cannot get my sleep to-night; old bones are  
hard to please;

I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone wi' God  
 an' these  
 My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an'  
 strain  
 Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin'  
 home again.  
 Slam-bang too much—they knock a wee—the  
 crosshead-gibs are loose,  
 But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them fair  
 excuse. . . .  
 Fine, clear an' dark—a full-draught breeze, wi'  
 Ushant out o' sight,  
 An' Ferguson reliev'in' Hay. Old girl, ye'll walk  
 to-night !  
 His wife's at Plymouth. . . . Seventy—One—  
 Two—Three since he began—  
 Three turns for Mistress Ferguson . . . and who's  
 to blame the man ?  
 There's none at any port for me, by drivin' fast  
 or slow,  
 Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty  
 years ago.  
 (The year the *Sarah Sands* was burned. Oh roads  
 we used to tread,  
 Fra' Maryhill to Pollokshaws—fra' Govan to  
 Parkhead !)  
 Not but they're ceevil on the Board. Ye'll hear  
 Sir Kenneth say :  
 “ Good mornn, McAndrew ! Back again ? An'  
 how's your bilge to-day ? ”  
 Miscallin' technicalities but handin' me my chair

To drink Madeira wi' three Earls—the auld Fleet  
 Engineer  
 That started as a boiler-whelp—when steam and  
 he were low.  
 I mind the time we used to serve a broken pipe wi'  
 tow !  
 Ten pound was all the pressure then—Eh ! Eh !  
 —a man wad drive ;  
 An' here, our workin' gauges give one hunder  
 sixty-five !  
 We're creepin' on wi' each new rig—less weight  
 an' larger power ;  
 There'll be the loco-boiler next an' thirty mile an  
 hour !  
 Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen since ocean-  
 steam began  
 Leaves me na doot for the machine : but what  
 about the man ?  
 The man that counts, wi' all his runs, one million  
 mile o' sea :  
 Four time the span from earth to moon. . . . How  
 far, O Lord, from Thee  
 That wast beside him night an' day ? Ye mind  
 my first typhoon ?  
 It scoughed the skipper on his way to jock wi' the  
 saloon.  
 Three feet were on the stokehold-floor—just  
 slappin' to an' fro—  
 An' cast me on a furnace-door. I have the marks  
 to show.

Marks ! I ha' marks o' more than burns—deep  
in my soul an' black,  
An' times like this, when things go smooth, my  
wickudness comes back.  
The sins o' four an' forty years, all up an' down  
the seas.  
Clack an' repeat like valves half-fed. . . . Forgie's  
our trespasses !  
Nights when I'd come on deck to mark, wi' envy  
in my gaze,  
The couples kittlin' in the dark between the  
funnel-stays ;  
Years when I raked the Ports wi' pride to fill my  
cup o' wrong—  
Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street  
in Hong-Kong !  
Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I  
abode—  
Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Reddick  
an' Grant Road !  
An' waur than all—my crownin' sin—rank blas-  
phemy an' wild.  
I was not four and twenty then—Ye wadna judge  
a child ?  
I'd seen the Tropics first that run—new fruit, new  
smells, new air—  
How could I tell—blind-fou wi' sun—the Deil  
was lurkin' there ?  
By day like playhouse-scenes the shore slid past  
our sleepy eyes ;

By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered from  
 those velvet skies,  
 In port (we used no cargo-steam) I'd daunder down  
 the streets—  
 An ijjit grinnin' in a dream—for shells an' parra-  
 keets,  
 An' walkin'-sticks o' carved bamboo an' blowfish  
 stuffed an' dried—  
 Fillin' my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put  
 overside.  
 Till, off Sambawa Head, Ye mind, I heard a land-  
 breeze ca',  
 Milk-warm wi' breath o' spice an' bloom :  
 " McAndrew, come awa' ! "  
 Firm, clear an' low—no haste, no hate—the  
 ghostly whisper went,  
 Just statin' eevidential facts beyon' all argument :  
 " Your mither's God's a graspin' deil, the shadow  
 o' yoursel',  
 " Got out o' books by meenisters clean daft on  
 Heaven an' Hell.  
 " They mak' him in the Broomielaw, o' Glasgie  
 cold an' dirt,  
 " A jealous, pridefu' fetich, lad, that's only strong  
 to hurt.  
 " Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His red-  
 hot rod,  
 " But come wi' Us " (Now, who were *They* ?)  
 " an' know the Leevin' God,  
 " That does not kipper souls for sport or break a  
 life in jest,

“ But swells the ripenin’ cocoanuts an’ ripes the  
woman’s breast.”

An’ there it stopped—cut off—no more—that quiet,  
certain voice—

For me, six months o’ twenty-four, to leave or take  
at choice.

’Twas on me like a thunderclap—it racked me  
through an’ through—

Temptation past the show o’ speech, unnameable  
an’ new—

The Sin against the Holy Ghost ? . . . An’ under  
all, our screw.

That storm blew by but left behind her anchor-  
shiftin’ swell.

Thou knowest all my heart an’ mind, Thou  
knowest, Lord, I fell—

Third on the *Mary Gloster* then, and first that night  
in Hell !

Yet was Thy Hand beneath my head, about my  
feet Thy Care—

Fra’ Deli clear to Torres Strait, the trial o’ despair,  
But when we touched the Barrier Reef Thy answer  
to my prayer ! . . .

We dared na run that sea by night but lay an’ held  
our fire,

An’ I was drowsin’ on the hatch—sick—sick wi’  
doubt an’ tire :

“ *Better the sight of eyes that see than wanderin’ o’  
desire !* ”

Ye mind that word? Clear as our gongs—again,  
an' once again,

When rippin' down through coral-trash ran out  
our moorin'-chain :

An', by Thy Grace, I had the Light to see my duty  
plain.

Light on the engine-room—no more—bright as  
our carbons burn.

I've lost it since a thousand times, but never past  
return !

. . . . .

Obsairve ! Per annum we'll have here two  
thousand souls aboard—

Think not I dare to justify myself before the Lord,  
But—average fifteen hunder souls safe-borne fra'  
port to port—

I *am* o' service to my kind. Ye wadna blame the  
thought ?

Maybe they steam from Grace to Wrath—to sin  
by folly led—

It isna mine to judge their path—their lives are on  
my head.

Mine at the last—when all is done it all comes back  
to me,

The fault that leaves six thousand ton a log upon  
the sea.

We'll tak' one stretch—three weeks an' odd by  
ony road ye steer—

Fra' Cape Town east to Wellington—ye need an  
engineer.

Fail there—ye've time to weld your shaft—ay, eat  
 it, ere ye're spoke ;  
 Or make Kerguelen under sail—three jiggers  
 burned wi' smoke !  
 An' home again—the Rio run : it's no child's  
 play to go  
 Steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an' floe  
 an' blow.  
 The bergs like kelpies overside that girn an' turn  
 an' shift  
 Whaur, grindin' like the Mills o' God, goes by the  
 big South drift.  
 (Hail, Snow and Ice that praise the Lord. I've  
 met them at their work,  
 An' wished we had anither route or they anither  
 kirk.)  
 Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for  
 though Thy Power brings  
 All skill to naught, Ye'll understand a man must  
 think o' things.  
 Then, at the last, we'll get to port an' hoist their  
 baggage clear—  
 The passengers, wi' gloves an' canes—an' this is  
 what I'll hear :  
 “ Well, thank ye for a pleasant voyage. The  
 tender's comin' now.”  
 While I go testin' follower-bolts an' watch the  
 skipper bow.  
 They've words for every one but me—shake hands  
 wi' half the crew,



Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they never  
knew.

An' yet I like the wark for all we've dam'-few  
pickin's here—

No pension, an' the most we'll earn's four hunder  
pound a year.

Better myself abroad? Maybe. *I'd* sooner starve  
than sail

Wi' such as call a snifter-rod *ross*. . . . French for  
nightingale.

Commeesion on my stores? Some do; but I  
cannot afford

To lie like stewards wi' patty-pans. I'm older  
than the Board.

A bonus on the coal I save? Ou ay, the Scots  
are close,

But when I grudge the strength Ye gave I'll grudge  
their food to *these*.

(There's bricks that I might recommend—an'  
clink the fire-bars cruel.

No! Welsh—Wangarti at the worst—an' damn  
all patent fuel!)

Inventions? Ye must stay in port to mak' a  
patent pay.

My Deeferential Valve-Gear taught me how that  
business lay.

I blame no chaps wi' clearer heads for aught they  
make or sell.

*I* found that I could not invent an' look to these  
as well.

So, wrestled wi' Apollyon—Nah!—fretted like a  
bairn—

But burned the workin'-plans last run, wi' all I  
hoped to earn.

Ye know how hard an Idol dies, an' what that  
meant to me—

E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to Thee. . . .

*Below there ! Oiler ! What's your wark ? Ye find  
it runnin' hard ?*

*Ye needn't swill the cup wi' oil—this isn't the Cunard !*

*Ye thought ? Ye are not paid to think. Go, sweat  
that off again !*

Tck ! Tck ! It's deeficult to sweer nor tak' The  
Name in vain !

Men, ay an' women, call me stern. Wi' these to  
oversee,

Ye'll note I've little time to burn on social repartee.

The bairns see what their elders miss ; they'll hunt  
me to an' fro,

Till for the sake of—well, a kiss—I tak' 'em down  
below.

That minds me of our Viscount loon—Sir  
Kenneth's kin—the chap

Wi' Russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked  
yachtin'-cap.

I showed him round last week, o'er all—an' at the  
last says he :

“ Mister McAndrew, don't you think steam spoils  
romance at sea ? ”

Damned ijjit ! I'd been doon that morn to see  
what ailed the throws,

## MEN AND WOMEN

Manholin', on my back—the cranks three inches  
off my nose.

Romance! Those first-class passengers they like  
it very well,

Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't  
poets tell?

I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves an'  
doves they dream—

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the  
Song o' Steam!

To match wi Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra  
sublime

Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rods  
mark the time.

The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-  
pump sobs an' heaves,

An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel  
on the sheaves:

Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking  
link-head bides,

Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings  
glimmerin' through the guides.

They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the  
clangin' chorus goes

Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin'  
dynamoës.

Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained,  
decreed,

To work, Ye'll note, at ony tilt an' every rate o'  
speed.

Fra' skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted,  
braced an' stayed.

An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they  
are made ;

While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-  
block says :

" Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the  
praise ! "

Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—  
theirs an' mine :

" Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience,  
Discipline ! "

Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when  
roarin' they arose,

An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi'  
the blows.

Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer  
strain,

Till even first-class passengers could tell the  
meanin' plain !

But no one cares except mysel' that serve an'  
understand

My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh, Lord !  
They're grand—they're grand !

Uplift am I ? When first in store the new-made  
beasties stood,

Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word  
declarin' all things good ?

Not so ! O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall  
could vex,

Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the  
Arrtifex!

*That* holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction,  
waste an' slip,

An' by that light—now, mark my word—we'll  
build the Perfect Ship.

I'll never last to judge her lines or take her curve—  
not I.

But I ha' lived an' I ha' worked. Be thanks to  
Thee, Most High!

An' I ha' done what I ha' done—judge Thou if  
ill or well—

Always Thy Grace preventin' me. . . .

Losh! Yon's the "Stand-by" bell.  
Pilot so soon? His flare it is. The mornin'-  
watch is set.

Well, God be thanked, as I was sayin', I'm no  
Pelagian yet.

Now I'll tak' on. . . .

*'Morrn, Ferguson. Man, have ye ever thought  
What your good leddy costs in coal . . . I'll burn  
'em down to port.*

## MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT

1894

THE fear was on the cattle, for the gale was on the sea,  
An' the pens broke up on the lower deck an' let  
the creatures free—

An' the lights went out on the lower deck, an' no  
one near but me.

RUDYARD KIPLING

I had been singin' to them to keep 'em quiet there,  
For the lower deck is the dangerousest, requirin'  
constant care,

An' give to me as the strongest man, though used  
to drink and swear.

I seed my chance was certain of bein' horned or  
trod,

For the lower deck was packed with steers thicker'n  
peas in a pod,

An' more pens broke at every roll—so I made a  
Contract with God.

An' by the terms of the Contract, as I have read the  
same,

If He got me to port alive I would exalt His Name,  
An' praise His Holy Majesty till further orders  
came.

He saved me from the cattle an' He saved me  
from the sea,

For they found me 'tween two drowned ones  
where the roll had landed me—

An' a four-inch crack on top of my head, as crazy  
as could be.

But that were done by a stanchion, an' not by a  
bullock at all,

An' I lay still for seven weeks convalescing of the  
fall,

An' readin' the shiny Scripture texts in the Seaman's  
Hospital.

An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an' He says  
to my prayer :

"I never puts on My ministers no more than they  
can bear.

"So back you go to the cattle-boats an' preach  
My Gospel there.

"For human life is chancy at any kind of trade,  
"But most of all, as well you know, when the  
steers are mad-afraid ;

"So you go back to the cattle-boats an' preach  
'em as I've said.

"They must quit drinkin' an' swearin', they  
mustn't knife on a blow,

"They must quit gamblin' their wages, and you  
must preach it so ;

"For now those boats are more like Hell than  
anything else I know."

I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I should  
get ;

An' I wanted to preach Religion, handsome an'  
out of the wet ;

But the Word of the Lord were laid on me, an'  
I done what I was set.

I have been smit an' bruised, as warned would  
be the case,

An' turned my cheek to the smiter exactly as  
Scripture says ;

But, following that, I knocked him down an' led  
him up to Grace.

An' we have preaching on Sundays whenever the  
sea is calm,

An' I use no knife or pistol an' I never take no  
harm ;

For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my  
fighting arm.

An' I sign for four-pound-ten a month and save  
the money clear,

An' I am in charge of the lower deck, an' I never  
lose a steer ;

An' I believe in Almighty God an' I preach His  
Gospel here.

The skippers say I'm crazy, but I can prove 'em  
wrong,

For I am in charge of the lower deck with all that  
doth belong—

*Which they would not give to a lunatic, and the com-  
petition so strong !*

## GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin and beer

When you're quartered safe out 'ere,

An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it ;

But when it comes to slaughter

You will do your work on water,

An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's  
got it.

Now in Injia's sunny clime,

Where I used to spend my time

A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,



Of all them blackfaced crew

The finest man I knew

Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was "Din ! Din ! Din !

" You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din !

" Hi ! Slippery *bitherao* !

" Water, get it ! *Panee lao*<sup>1</sup>

" You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore

Was nothin' much before,

An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,

For a piece o' twisty rag

An' a goatskin water-bag

Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.

When the sweatin' troop-train lay

In a sidin' through the day,

Where the 'eat would make your bloomin'  
eyebrows crawl,

We shouted " Harry By ! " <sup>2</sup>

Till our throats were bricky-dry,

Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us  
all.

It was " Din ! Din ! Din !

" You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been ?

" You put some *juldee*<sup>3</sup> in it

" Or I'll *marrow*<sup>4</sup> you this minute

" If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din ! "

'E would dot an' carry one

Till the longest day was done ;

<sup>1</sup> Bring water swiftly. <sup>2</sup> O Brother. <sup>3</sup> Be quick. <sup>4</sup> Hit you.

An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.  
 If we charged or broke or cut,  
 You could bet your bloomin' nut,  
 'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear;  
 With 'is mussick<sup>1</sup> on 'is back,  
 'E would skip with our attack,  
 An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"  
 An' for all 'is dirty 'ide  
 'E was white, clear white, inside  
 When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!

It was "Din! Din! Din!"

With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green  
 When the cartridges ran out,  
 You could hear the front-ranks shout,  
 "Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I shan't forgit the night  
 When I dropped be'ind the fight  
 With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.  
 I was chokin' mad with thirst,  
 An' the man that spied me first  
 Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.  
 'E lifted up my 'ead,  
 An' he plugged me where I bled,  
 An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water green.  
 It was crawlin' and it stunk,  
 But of all the drinks I've drunk,  
 I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"

"'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;

<sup>1</sup> Water-skins

## MEN AND WOMEN

“ ’E’s chawin’ up the ground,

“ An’ ’e’s kickin’ all around :

“ For Gawd’s sake git the water, Gunga Din ! ”

’E carried me away

To where a dooli lay,

An’ a bullet come an’ drilled the beggar clean.

’E put me safe inside,

An’ just before ’e died,

“ I ’ope you liked your drink,” sez Gunga Din.

So I’ll meet ’im later on

At the place where ’e is gone—

Where it’s always double drill and no canteen.

’E’ll be squattin’ on the coals

Givin’ drink to poor damned souls,

An’ I’ll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din !

Yes, Din ! Din ! Din !

You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din !

Though I’ve belted you and flayed you,

By the livin’ Gawd that made you,

You’re a better man than I am, Gunga Din !

## THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

1889

*OH, EAST is East, and West is West, and never the  
twain shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great  
Judgment Seat ;*

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,  
nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, though they  
come from the ends of the earth !*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border  
side,  
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the  
Colonel's pride.  
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between  
the dawn and the day,  
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden  
her far away.  
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a  
troop of the Guides :  
" Is there never a man of all my men can say where  
Kamal hides ? "  
Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of  
the Ressaldar :  
" If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye  
know where his pickets are.  
" At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is  
into Bonair,  
" But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place  
to fare.  
" So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird  
can fly,  
" By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he  
win to the Tongue of Jagai.  
" But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right  
swiftly turn ye then,

“For the length and the breadth of that  
grisly plain is sown with Kamal’s  
men.

“There is rock to the left, and rock to the right,  
and low lean thorn between,

“And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never  
a man is seen.”

The Colonel’s son has taken horse, and a raw  
rough dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and  
the head of a gallows-tree.

The Colonel’s son to the Fort has won, they bid  
him stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not  
long at his meat.

He’s up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he  
can fly,

Till he was aware of his father’s mare in the gut  
of the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father’s mare with Kamal  
upon her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he  
made the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the  
whistling ball went wide.

“Ye shoot like a soldier,” Kamal said. “Show  
now if ye can ride !”

It’s up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown  
dust-devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare  
like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his  
 head above,  
 But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a  
 maiden plays with a glove.  
 There was rock to the left and rock to the right,  
 and low lean thorn between,  
 And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never  
 a man was seen.  
 They have ridden the low moon out of the sky,  
 their hoofs drum up the dawn,  
 The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the  
 mare like a new-roused fawn.  
 The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful  
 heap fell he,  
 And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and  
 pulled the rider free.  
 He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small  
 room was there to strive,  
 “ ’Twas only by favour of mine,” quoth he, “ ye  
 rode so long alive :  
 “ There was not a rock for twenty-mile, there  
 was not a clump of tree,  
 “ But covered a man of my own men with his  
 rifle cocked on his knee.  
 “ If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,  
 “ The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting  
 all in a row.  
 “ If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have  
 held it high,  
 “ The kite that whistles above us now were gorged  
 till she could not fly.”

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good  
to bird and beast,

"But count who come for the broken meats  
before thou makest a feast.

"If there should follow a thousand swords to  
carry my bones away,

"Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more  
than a thief could pay.

"They will feed their horse on the standing  
crop, their men on the garnered  
grain.

"The thatch of the byres will serve their fires  
when all the cattle are slain.

"But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy  
brethren wait to sup,

"The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl,  
dog, and call them up!

"And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer  
and gear and stack,

"Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight  
my own way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him  
upon his feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf  
and grey wolf meet.

"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or  
breath;

"What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest  
at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by  
the blood of my clan:

“Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by God,  
she has carried a man ! ”

The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and nuzzled  
against his breast ;

“We be two strong men,” said Kamal then, “but  
she loveth the younger best.

“So she shall go with a lifter’s dower, my turquoise-  
studded rein,

“My ’broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver  
stirrups twain.”

The Colonel’s son a pistol drew, and held it  
muzzle-end,

“Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said  
he. “Will ye take the mate from a  
friend ? ”

“A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight ; “a limb  
for the risk of a limb.

“Thy father has sent his son to me, I’ll send my  
son to him ! ”

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped  
from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he  
looked like a lance in rest.

“Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “who  
leads a troop of the Guides,

“And thou must ride at his left side as shield on  
shoulder rides.

“Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and  
board and bed,

“Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with  
thy head.



“ So, thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and  
all her foes are thine,

“ And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the  
peace of the Border-line.

“ And thou must make a trooper tough and hack  
thy way to power—

“ Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I  
am hanged in Peshawur ! ”

They have looked each other between the eyes,  
and there they found no fault.

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood  
on leavened bread and salt :

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood  
on fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and  
the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel’s son he rides the mare and Kamal’s  
boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where  
there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full  
twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the  
blood of the mountaineer.

“ Ha’ done ! ha’ done ! ” said the Colonel’s son.  
“ Put up the steel at your sides !

“ Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—  
to-night ’tis a man of the Guides ! ”

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the  
twain shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great  
Judgment Seat ;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,  
nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, though they  
come from the ends of the earth !*

## “BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN”

I'M 'ERE in a ticky ulster an' a broken billycock 'at,  
A-layin' on to the sergeant I don't know a gun  
from a bat ;  
My shirt's doin' duty for jacket, my sock's stickin'  
out o' my boots,  
An' I'm learnin' the damned old goose-step along  
o' the new recruits !

Back to the Army again, sergeant,  
Back to the Army again.  
Don't look so 'ard, for I 'aven't no card,  
I'm back to the Army again !

I done my six years' service. 'Er Majesty sez :  
“ Good day—  
You'll please to come when you're rung for, an'  
'ere's your 'ole back-pay ;  
An' fourpence a day for baccy—an' bloomin'  
gen'rous, too ;  
An' now you can make your fortune—the same as  
your orf'cers do.”

Back to the Army again, sergeant,  
 Back to the Army again.  
 'Ow did I learn to do right-about-turn ?  
 I'm back to the Army again !

A man of four-an'-twenty that 'asn't learned of a  
 trade—

Beside " Reserve " agin' him—'e'd better be never  
 made.

I tried my luck for a quarter, an' that was enough  
 for me,

An' I thought of 'Er Majesty's barricks, an' I  
 thought I'd go an' see.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,  
 Back to the Army again.  
 'Tisn't my fault if I dress when I 'alt—  
 I'm back to the Army again !

The sergeant arst no questions, but 'e winked the  
 other eye,

'E sez to me, "'Shun ! " an' I shunted, the same  
 as in days gone by ;

For 'e saw the set o' my shoulders, an' I couldn't  
 'elp 'oldin' straight

When me an' the other rookies come under the  
 barrick-gate.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,  
 Back to the Army again.  
 'Oo would ha' thought I could carry an'  
 port ?<sup>1</sup>  
 I'm back to the Army again !

<sup>1</sup> Carry and port his rifle.

I took my bath, an' I wallered—for, Gawd, I  
needed it so !

I smelt the smell o' the barricks, I 'eard the bugles  
go.

I 'eard the feet on the gravel—the feet o' the men  
what drill—

An' I sez to my flutterin' 'eart-strings, I sez to 'em,  
“ Peace, be still ! ”

Back to the Army again, sergeant,

Back to the Army again.

'Oo said I knew when the troopship was  
due ?

I'm back to the Army again !

I carried my slops to the tailor ; I sez to 'im, “ None  
o' your lip !

You tight 'em over the shoulders, an' loose 'em  
over the 'ip,

For the set o' the tunic's 'orrid.” An' 'e sez to  
me, “ Strike me dead,

But I thought you was used to the business ! ”  
an' so 'e done what I said.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,

Back to the Army again.

Rather too free with my fancies ? Wot—me ?

I'm back to the Army again !

Next week I'll 'ave 'em fitted ; I'll buy me a  
swagger-cane ;

They'll let me free o' the barricks to walk on the  
Hoe again,

In the name o' William Parsons, that used to be  
Edward Clay,  
An'—any pore beggar that wants it can draw my  
fourpence a day !

Back to the Army again, sergeant,  
Back to the Army again.  
Out o' the cold an' the rain, sergeant,  
Out o' the cold an' the rain.

'Oo's there ?

A man's that too good to be lost you,  
A man that is 'andled an' made—  
A man that will pay what 'e cost you  
In learnin' the others their trade—parade  
You're droppin' the pick o' the Army  
Because you don't 'elp 'em remain,  
But drives 'em to cheat to get out o' the street  
An' back to the Army again !

## THE MOTHER-LODGE

THERE was Rundle, Station Master,  
An' Beazeley of the Rail,  
An' 'Ackman, Commissariat,  
An' Donkin' o' the Jail ;  
An' Blake, Conductor-Sergeant,  
Our Master twice was 'e,  
With 'im that kept the Europe-shop,  
Old Framjee Eduljee.

*Outside*—"Sergeant ! Sir ! Salute ! Salaam !"

*Inside*—"Brother," an' it doesn't do no 'arm.

*We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,  
An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out  
there !*

We'd Bola Nath, Accountant,  
An' Saul the Aden Jew,  
An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman  
Of the Survey Office too ;  
There was Babu Chuckerbutty,  
An' Amir Singh the Sikh,  
An' Castro from the fittin'-sheds,  
The Roman Catholick !

We 'adn't good regalia,  
An' our Lodge was old an' bare,  
But we knew the Ancient Landmarks,  
An' we kep' 'em to a hair ;  
An' lookin' on it backwards  
It often strikes me thus,  
There ain't such things as infidels,  
Excep', per'aps, it's us.

For monthly, after Labour,  
We'd all sit down and smoke  
(We dursn't give no banquets,  
Lest a Brother's caste were broke),  
An' man on man got talkin'  
Religion an' the rest,  
An' every man comparin'  
Of the God 'e knew the best.

So man on man got talkin',  
An' not a Brother stirred

Till mornin' waked the parrots  
 An' that dam' brain-fever-bird ;  
 We'd say 'twas 'ighly curious,  
 An' we'd all ride 'ome to bed,  
 With Mo'ammed, God, an' Shiva  
 Changin' pickets in our 'ead.

Full oft on Guv'ment service  
 This rovin' foot 'ath pressed,  
 An' bore fraternal greetin's  
 To the Lodges east an' west,  
 Accordin' as commanded.  
 From Kohat to Singapore,  
 But I wish that I might see them  
 In my Mother-Lodge once more !

I wish that I might see them,  
 My Brethren black an' brown,  
 With the trichies smellin' pleasant  
 An' the *hog-darn*<sup>1</sup> passin' down ;  
 An' the old khansamah<sup>2</sup> snorin'  
 On the bottle-khana<sup>3</sup> floor,  
 Like a Master in good standing  
 With my Mother-Lodge once more.

*Outside*—"Sergeant ! Sir ! Salute ! Salaam !"

*Inside*—"Brother," an' it doesn't do no 'arm.

*We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,  
 An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out  
 there !*

<sup>1</sup> Cigar-lighter.

<sup>2</sup> Butler.

<sup>3</sup> Pantry.

POSSIBILITIES

AY, LAY him 'neath the Simla pine—  
 A fortnight fully to be missed,  
 Behold, we lose our fourth at whist,  
 A chair is vacant where we dine.

His place forgets him ; other men  
 Have bought his ponies, guns, and traps.  
 His fortune is the Great Perhaps  
 And that cool rest-house down the glen,

Whence he shall hear, as spirits may,  
 Our mundane revel on the height,  
 Shall watch each flashing '*rickshaw*-light  
 Sweep on to dinner, dance, and play.

Benmore shall woo him to the ball  
 With lighted rooms and braying band ;  
 And he shall hear and understand  
 "*Dream Faces*" better than us all.

For, think you, as the vapours flee  
 Across Sanjaolie after rain,  
 His soul may climb the hill again  
 To each old field of victory.

Unseen, whom women held so dear,  
 The strong man's yearning to his kind  
 Shall shake at most the window-blind,  
 Or dull awhile the card-room's cheer.



## MEN AND WOMEN

In his own place of power unknown,  
His Light o' Love another's flame,  
His dearest pony galloped lame,  
And he an alien and alone !

Yet may he meet with many a friend—  
Shrewd shadows, lingering long unseen  
Among us when "*God Save the Queen*"  
Shows even "extras" have an end.

And, when we leave the heated room,  
And, when at four the lights expire,  
The crew shall gather round the fire  
And mock our laughter in the gloom ;

Talk as we talked, and they ere death—  
Flirt wanly, dance in ghostly-wise,  
With ghosts of tunes for melodies,  
And vanish at the morning's breath !

### I F——

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too ;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise :

If you can dream—and not make dreams your  
master ;

If you can think—and not make thoughts your  
aim ;

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same ;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out  
tools :

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss ;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them : " Hold  
on ! "

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common  
touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much ;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son !

*ANIMALS*

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

THE SONG OF THE LITTLE HUNTER

ROAD-SONG OF THE *Bandar-Log*

CHAPTER HEADINGS ; JUST-SO STORIES

FOUR-FEET

“ HIS APOLOGIES ”



## THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

*NOW this is the Law of the Jungle—as old and as true as the sky ;*

*And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it must die.*

*As the creeper that girdles the tree-trunk the Law runneth forward and back—*

*For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.*

Wash daily from nose-tip to tail-tip ; drink deeply, but never too deep ;

And remember the night is for hunting, and forget not the day is for sleep.

The Jackal may follow the Tiger, but, Cub, when thy whiskers are grown,

Remember the Wolf is a hunter—go forth and get food of thine own.

Keep peace with the Lords of the Jungle—the Tiger, the Panther, the Bear ;

And trouble not Hathi the Silent, and mock not the Boar in his lair.

When Pack meets with Pack in the Jungle, and neither will go from the trail,

Lie down till the leaders have spoken—it may be  
fair words shall prevail.

When ye fight with a Wolf of the Pack, ye must  
fight him alone and afar,  
Lest others take part in the quarrel, and the Pack  
be diminished by war.

The Lair of the Wolf is his refuge, and where he  
has made him his home,  
Not even the Head Wolf may enter, not even the  
Council may come.

The Lair of the Wolf is his refuge, but where he  
has digged it too plain,  
The Council shall send him a message, and so he  
shall change it again.

If ye kill before midnight, be silent, and wake not  
the woods with your bay,  
Lest ye frighten the deer from the crops, and the  
brothers go empty away.

Ye may kill for yourselves, and your mates, and  
your cubs as they need, and ye can ;  
But kill not for pleasure of killing, and *seven times*  
*never kill Man !*

If ye plunder his Kill from a weaker, devour not  
all in thy pride ;  
Pack-Right is the right of the meanest ; so leave  
him the head and the hide.

The Kill of the Pack is the meat of the Pack. Ye  
must eat where it lies ;  
And no one may carry away of that meat to his  
lair, or he dies.

The Kill of the Wolf is the meat of the Wolf. He  
may do what he will,  
But, till he has given permission, the Pack may not  
eat of that Kill.

Cub-Right is the right of the Yearling. From all  
of his Pack he may claim  
Full-gorge when the killer has eaten ; and none  
may refuse him the same.

Lair-Right is the right of the Mother. From all  
of her year she may claim  
One haunch of each kill for her litter ; and none  
may deny her the same.

Cave-Right is the right of the Father—to hunt by  
himself for his own :  
He is freed of all calls to the Pack ; he is judged  
by the Council alone.

Because of his age and his cunning, because of his  
gripe and his paw,  
In all that the Law leaveth open, the word of the  
Head Wolf is Law.

*Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and  
mighty are they ;  
But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch  
and the hump is—Obey !*

## THE SONG OF THE LITTLE HUNTER

ERE MOR the Peacock flutters, ere the Monkey  
People cry,

Ere Chil the Kite swoops down a furlong sheer,  
Through the Jungle very softly flits a shadow and  
a sigh—

He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear !  
Very softly down the glade runs a waiting,  
watching shade,

And the whisper spreads and widens far and near.  
And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even  
now—

He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear !

Ere the moon has climbed the mountain, ere the  
rocks are ribbed with light,  
When the downward-dipping trails are dank  
and drear,



Comes a breathing hard behind thee—*snuffle-  
snuffle* through the night—

It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear !  
On thy knees and draw the bow ; bid the shrilling  
arrow go ;

In the empty, mocking thicket plunge the spear !  
But thy hands are loosed and weak, and the blood  
has left thy cheek —

It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear !

When the heat-cloud sucks the tempest, when the  
slivered pine-trees fall,

When the blinding, blaring rain-squalls lash and  
veer,

Through the war-gongs of the thunder rings a  
voice more loud than all—

It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear !

Now the spates are banked and deep ; now the  
footless boulders leap—

Now the lightning shows each littlest leaf-rib  
clear—

But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart  
against thy side

Hammers : Fear, O Little Hunter—this is Fear !

ROAD-SONG OF THE BANDAR-  
LOG

HERE we go in a flung festoon,  
Half-way up to the jealous moon !  
Don't you envy our pranceful bands ?  
Don't you wish you had extra hands ?  
Wouldn't you like if your tails were—*so*—  
Curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow ?  
Now you're angry, but—never mind,  
*Brother, thy tail hangs down behind !*

Here we sit in a branchy row,  
Thinking of beautiful things we know ;  
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,  
All complete, in a minute or two—  
Something noble and grand and good,  
Won by merely wishing we could.  
Now we're going to—never mind,  
*Brother, thy tail hangs down behind !*

All the talk we ever have heard  
Uttered by bat or beast or bird—  
Hide or fin or scale or feather—  
Jabber it quickly and all together !  
Excellent ! Wonderful ! Once again !  
Now we are talking just like men.  
Let's pretend we are . . . Never mind !  
*Brother, thy tail hangs down behind !*  
This is the way of the Monkey-kind !

## ANIMALS

*Then join our leaping lines that scumfish through the  
pines,  
That rocket by where, light and high, the wild-grape  
swings.  
By the rubbish in our wake, and the noble noise we make,  
Be sure—be sure, we're going to do some splendid things !*

## CHAPTER HEADINGS

### JUST-SO STORIES

WHEN the cabin port-holes are dark and green  
Because of the seas outside ;  
When the ship goes *wop* (with a wiggle between)  
And the steward falls into the soup-tureen,  
And the trunks begin to slide ;  
When Nursey lies on the floor in a heap,  
And Mummy tells you to let her sleep,  
And you aren't waked or washed or dressed,  
Why, then you will know (if you haven't guessed)  
You're " Fifty North and Forty West ! "

*How the Whale Got His Throat.*

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump  
Which well you may see at the Zoo ;  
But uglier yet is the hump we get  
From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,  
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,  
    We get the hump—  
    Cameelious hump—  
The hump that is black and blue !

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head,  
    And a snarly-yarly voice.  
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl  
    At our bath and our boots and our toys ;

And there ought to be a corner for me  
(And I know there is one for you)  
    When we get the hump—  
    Cameelious hump—  
The hump that is black and blue !

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,  
    Or frowst with a book by the fire ;  
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,  
    And dig till you gently perspire ;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind,  
And the Djinn of the Garden too,  
    Have lifted the hump—  
    The horrible hump—  
The hump that is black and blue !

## ANIMALS

I get it as well as you-oo-oo—  
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo !  
    We all get hump—  
    Cameelious hump—  
Kiddies and grown-ups too !

### *How the Camel Got His Hump.*

I am the Most Wise Baviaan, saying in most wise  
    tones,  
“Let us melt into the landscape—just us two by  
    our lones.”  
People have come—in a carriage—calling. But  
    Mummy is there. . . .  
Yes, I can go if you take me—Nurse says *she* don't  
    care.  
Let's go up to the pig-styes and sit on the farmyard  
    rails !  
Let's say things to the bunnies, and watch 'em  
    skitter their tails !  
Let's—oh, *anything*, daddy, so long as it's you and  
    me,  
And going truly exploring, and not being in till  
    tea !  
Here's your boots (I've brought 'em), and here's  
    your cap and stick,  
And here's your pipe and tobacco. Oh, come  
    along out of it—quick !

### *How the Leopard Got His Spots.*

I keep six honest serving-men  
 (They taught me all I knew) ;  
 Their names are What and Why and When  
 And How and Where and Who.  
 I send them over land and sea,  
 I send them east and west ;  
 But after they have worked for me,  
 I give them all a rest.

I let them rest from nine till five,  
 For I am busy then,  
 As well as breakfast, lunch, and tea,  
 For they are hungry men.  
 But different folk have different views.  
 I know a person small—  
 She keeps ten million serving-men,  
 Who get no rest at all !

She sends 'em abroad on her own affairs,  
 From the second she opens her eyes—  
 One million Hows, two million Wheres,  
 And seven million Whys !

*The Elephant's Child.*

This is the mouth-filling song of the race that was  
run by a Boomer.

Run in a single burst—only event of its kind—  
Started by Big God Nqong from Warrigaborri-  
garooma,  
Old Man Kangaroo first, Yellow-Dog Dingo  
behind.

Kangaroo bounded away, his back-legs working  
like pistons—

Bounded from morning till dark, twenty-five feet  
at a bound.

Yellow-Dog Dingo lay like a yellow cloud in the  
distance—

Much too busy to bark. My! but they covered  
the ground!

Nobody knows where they went, or followed the  
track that they flew in,

For that Continent hadn't been given a name.

They ran thirty degrees, from Torres Straits to the  
Leeuwin

(Look at the Atlas, please), then they ran back  
as they came.

S'posing you could trot from Adelaide to the  
Pacific,

For an afternoon's run—half what these gentlemen  
did—

You would feel rather hot, but your legs would  
develop terrific—

Yes, my importunate son, you'd be a Marvellous  
Kid !

*The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo.*

I've never sailed the Amazon,

I've never reached Brazil ;

But the *Don* and *Magdalena*,

They can go there when they will !

Yes, weekly from Southampton,

Great steamers, white and gold,

Go rolling down to Rio

(Roll down—roll down to Rio !)

And I'd like to roll to Rio

Some day before I'm old !

I've never seen a Jaguar,

Nor yet an Armadill-

o dilloing in his armour,

And I s'pose I never will,

Unless I go to Rio

These wonders to behold—

Roll down—roll down to Rio—

Roll really down to Rio !

Oh, I'd love to roll to Rio

Some day before I'm old !

*The Beginning of the Armadilloes.*



## ANIMALS

China-going P. and O.'s  
Pass Pau Amma's playground close,  
And his Pusat Tasek lies  
Near the track of most B.I.'s  
N.Y.K. and N.D.L.  
Know Pau Amma's home as well  
As the Fisher of the Sea knows  
"Bens," M.M.'s and Rubattinos.  
But (and this is rather queer)  
A.T.L.'s can *not* come here ;  
O. and O. and D.O.A.  
Must go round another way.  
Orient, Anchor, Bibby, Hall,  
Never go that way at all.  
U.C.S. would have a fit  
If it found itself on it.  
And if "Beavers" took their cargoes  
To Penang instead of Lagos,  
Or a fat Shaw-Savill bore  
Passengers to Singapore,  
Or a White Star were to try a  
Little trip to Sourabaya,  
Or a B.S.A. went on  
Past Natal to Cheribon,  
Then great Mr. Lloyds would come  
With a wire and drag them home !

You'll know what my riddle means  
When you've eaten mangosteens.

*The Crab That Played with the Sea.*

Pussy can sit by the fire and sing,  
 Pussy can climb a tree,  
 Or play with a silly old cork and string  
 To 'muse herself, not me.  
 But *I* like *Binkie* my dog, because  
 He knows how to behave ;  
 So, *Binkie's* the same as the First Friend was,  
 And I am the Man in the Cave !

Pussy will play man-Friday till  
 It's time to wet her paw .  
 And make her walk on the window-sill  
 (For the footprint Crusoe saw) ;  
 Then she fluffles her tail and mews,  
 And scratches and won't attend.  
 But *Binkie* will play whatever I choose,  
 And he is my true First Friend !

Pussy will rub my knees with her head  
 Pretending she loves me hard ;  
 But the very minute I go to my bed  
 Pussy runs out in the yard,  
 And there she stays till the morning-light ;  
 So I know it is only pretend ;  
 But *Binkie*, he snores at my feet all night,  
 And he is my Firstest Friend !

*The Cat That Walked by Himself.*

## ANIMALS

There was never a Queen like Balkis,  
From here to the wide world's end ;  
But Balkis talked to a butterfly  
As you would talk to a friend.

There was never a King like Solomon,  
Not since the world began ;  
But Solomon talked to a butterfly  
As a man would talk to a man.

*She* was Queen of Sabæa—  
And *he* was Asia's Lord—  
But they both of 'em talked to butterflies  
When they took their walks abroad !

*The Butterfly That Stamped.*

## FOUR- FEET

I HAVE done mostly what most men do,  
And pushed it out of my mind ;  
But I can't forget, if I wanted to,  
Four-Foot trotting behind.

Day after day, the whole day through—  
Wherever my road inclined—  
Four-Foot said, " I am coming with you ! "  
And trotted along behind.

Now I must go by some other round,—  
Which I shall never find—  
Somewhere that does not carry the sound  
Of Four-Feet trotting behind.

## “HIS APOLOGIES”

1932

MASTER, this is Thy Servant. He is rising eight weeks old.

He is mainly Head and Tummy. His legs are uncontrolled.

But Thou has forgiven his ugliness, and settled him on Thy knee . . .

Art Thou content with Thy Servant? He is *very* comfy with Thee.

Master, behold a Sinner! He hath committed a wrong.

He hath defiled Thy Premises through being kept in too long.

Wherefore his nose has been rubbed in the dirt, and his self-respect has been bruised,

Master, pardon Thy Sinner, and see he is properly loosèd.

Master—again Thy Sinner! This that was once Thy Shoe,

He has found and taken and carried aside, as fitting  
matter to chew.

Now there is neither blacking nor tongue, and the  
Housemaid has us in tow.

Master, remember Thy Servant is young, and tell  
her to let him go !

Master, extol Thy Servant, he has met a most  
Worthy Foe !

There has been fighting all over the Shop—and  
into the Shop also !

Till cruel umbrellas parted the strife (or I might  
have been choking him yet)

But Thy Servant has had the Time of his Life—  
and now shall we call on the vet ?

Master, behold Thy Servant ! Strange children  
came to play,

And because they fought to caress him, Thy  
Servant wentedst away.

But now that the Little Beasts have gone, he has  
returned to see

(Brushed—with his Sunday collar on) what they  
left over from tea.

. . . . .

Master, pity Thy Servant ! He is deaf and three  
parts blind.

He cannot catch Thy Commandments. He cannot  
read Thy Mind.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Oh, leave him not to his loneliness ; nor make  
him that kitten's scorn.

He hath had none other God than Thee since the  
year that he was born.

Lord, look down on Thy Servant ! Bad things  
have come to pass.

There is no heat in the midday sun, nor health in  
the wayside grass.

His bones are full of an old disease—his torments  
run and increase.

Lord, make haste with Thy Lightnings and grant  
him a quick release !

**ADVENTURE**

**THE SONG OF THE BANJO**

**MANDALAY**

**THE PRODIGAL SON**

**THE LOST LEGION**

**THE EXPLORER**





# THE SONG OF THE BANJO

1894

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—  
 You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—  
 You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,  
 And play it in an Equatorial swamp.  
*I* travel with the cooking-pots and pails—  
 I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork—  
 And when the dusty column checks and tails,  
 You should hear me spur the rearguard to a  
 walk !

With my "*Pilly-willy-winky-winky-popp !*"  
 (Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head !)  
 So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop ;  
 So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

In the silence of the camp before the fight,  
 When it's good to make your will and say your  
 prayer,  
 You can hear my *strumpty-tumpty* overnight,  
 Explaining ten to one was always fair.  
 I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,  
 Of the Patently Impossible and Vain—  
 And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,  
 Give me time to change my leg and go again.

With my "*Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tump!*"

In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke curled.

There was never voice before us till I led our lonely chorus,

I—the war-drum of the White Man round the world!

By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,

Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own,—

'Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed,

In the silence of the herder's hut alone—

In the twilight, on a bucket upside down,

Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess—

I am Memory and Torment—I am Town!

I am all that ever went with evening dress!

With my "*Tunka-tunka-tunka-tunka-tunk!*"

(So the lights—the London Lights—grow near and plain!)

So I rowel 'em afresh towards the Devil and the Flesh,

Till I bring my broken rankers home again.

In desire of many marvels over sea,

Where the new-raised tropic city sweats and roars,

I have sailed with Young Ulysses from the quay

Till the anchor rumbled down on stranger shores.

He is blooded to the open and the sky,  
 He is taken in a snare that shall not fail,  
 He shall hear me singing strongly, till he die,  
 Like the shouting of a backstay in a gale.

With my "*Hya ! Heeya ! Heeya ! Hullab !  
 Haul !*"

(Oh the green that thunders aft along the  
 deck !)

Are you sick o' towns and men ? You must  
 sign and sail again,

For it's "*Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit  
 and trek !*"

Through the gorge that gives the stars at noon-  
 day clear—

Up the pass that packs the scud beneath our  
 wheel—

Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom  
 sheer—

Down the valley with our guttering brakes  
 asqueal :

Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,

Where the many-shedded levels loop and twine.

Hear me lead my reckless children from below

Till we sing the Song of Roland to the pine !

With my "*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink !*"

(Oh the axe has cleared the mountain,  
 croup and crest !)

And we ride the iron stallions down to drink,  
Through the cañons to the waters of the  
West !

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone—  
Common tunes that make you choke and blow  
your nose—  
Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that brings the  
groan—  
I can rip your very heartstrings out with those ;  
With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun—  
And the lying, and the lusting, and the drink,  
And the merry play that drops you, when you're  
done,  
To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.

With my "*Plunka-lunka-lunka-lunka-lunk !*"  
Here's a trifle on account of pleasure past,  
Ere the wit that made you win gives you eyes  
to see your sin  
And—the heavier repentance at the last !

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—  
I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man !  
Let the trumpet snare the foeman to the proof—  
I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran !  
My bray ye may not alter nor mistake  
When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things,  
But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I make,  
Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings ?

## ADVENTURE

With my "*Ta-ra-rara-rara-ra-ra-rrrp!*"

(Is it naught to you that hear and pass me  
by?)

But the word—the word is mine, when the  
order moves the line

And the lean, locked ranks go roaring  
down to die!

The grandam of my grandam was the Lyre—

(O the blue below the little fisher-huts!)

That the Stealer stooping beachward filled with  
fire,

Till she bore my iron head and ringing guts!

By the wisdom of the centuries I speak—

To the tune of yestermorn I set the truth—

I, the joy of life unquestioned—I, the Greek—

I, the everlasting Wonder-song of Youth!

With my "*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!*"

(What d'ye lack, my noble masters! What  
d'ye lack?)

So I draw the world together link by link:

Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and back!

## MANDALAY

By THE old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the  
sea,

There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she  
thinks o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say :

“ Come you back, you British soldier ; come you back to Mandalay ! ”

Come you back to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay :

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from  
Rangoon to Mandalay ?

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer  
China 'crost the Bay !

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,  
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as  
Theebaw's Queen,

An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white  
cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's  
foot :

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—

Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed  
'er where she stud !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun  
was droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing “ *Kulla-lo-lo !* ”

## ADVENTURE

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin  
my cheek

We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin'  
teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy, sjudgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was  
'arf afraid to speak !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur  
away,

An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank  
to Mandalay ;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year  
soldier tells :

“If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't  
never 'eed naught else.”

No ! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy garlic smells,

An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the  
tinkly temple-bells ;

On the road to Mandalay . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-  
stones,

An' the blasted English drizzle wakes the fever in  
my bones ;

Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea  
to the Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand ?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—

Law ! wot do they understand ?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,  
greener land !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best  
is like the worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a  
man can raise a thirst ;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that  
I would be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the  
sea ;

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when  
we went to Mandalay !

O the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer  
China 'crost the Bay !



# THE PRODIGAL SON

(WESTERN VERSION)

HERE come I to my own again,  
Fed, forgiven and known again,  
Claimed by bone of my bone again  
And cheered by flesh of my flesh.  
The fatted calf is dressed for me,  
But the husks have greater zest for me.  
I think my pigs will be best for me,  
So I'm off to the Yards afresh.

I never was very refined, you see,  
(And it weighs on my brother's mind, you see)  
But there's no reproach among swine, d'you see,  
For being a bit of a swine.  
So I'm off with wallet and staff to eat  
The bread that is three parts chaff to wheat,  
But glory be !—there's a laugh to it,  
Which isn't the case when we dine.

My father glooms and advises me,  
My brother sulks and despises me,  
And Mother catechises me  
Till I want to go out and swear.  
And, in spite of the butler's gravity,  
I know that the servants have it I  
Am a monster of moral depravity,  
And I'm damned if I think it's fair !

I wasted my substance, I know I did,  
 On riotous living, so I did,  
 But there's nothing on record to show I did  
 More than my betters have done.  
 They talk of the money I spent out there—  
 They hint at the pace that I went out there—  
 But they all forget I was sent out there  
 Alone as a rich man's son.

So I was a mark for plunder at once,  
 And lost my cash (can you wonder?) at once,  
 But I didn't give up and knock under at once.  
 I worked in the Yards, for a spell,  
 Where I spent my nights and my days with hogs,  
 And shared their milk and maize with hogs,  
 Till, I guess, I have learned what pays with hogs  
 And—I have that knowledge to sell!

So back I go to my job again,  
 Not so easy to rob again,  
 Or quite so ready to sob again  
 On any neck that's around.  
 I'm leaving, Pater. Good-bye to you!  
 God bless you, Mater! I'll write to you : : :  
 I wouldn't be impolite to you,  
 But, Brother, you *are* a hound!

# THE LOST LEGION

1895

THERE'S a Legion that never was 'listed,  
 That carries no colours or crest.  
 But, split in a thousand detachments,  
 Is breaking the road for the rest.  
 Our fathers they left us their blessing—  
 They taught us, and groomed us, and crammed ;  
 But we've shaken the Clubs and the Messes  
 To go and find out and be damned  
 (Dear boys !),  
 To go and get shot and be damned.

So some of us chivvy the slaver,  
 And some of us cherish the black,  
 And some of us hunt on the Oil Coast,  
 And some on the Wallaby track :  
 And some of us drift to Sarawak,  
 And some of us drift up The Fly,  
 And some share our tucker with tigers,  
 And some with the gentle Masai,  
 (Dear boys !),  
 Take tea with the giddy Masai.

We've painted The Islands vermillion,  
 We've pearled on half-shares in the Bay,

We've shouted on seven-ounce nuggets,  
 We've starved on a Seedeeboy's pay ;  
 We've laughed at the world as we found it,—  
 Its women and cities and men—  
 From Sayyid Burgash in a tantrum  
 To the smoke-reddened eyes of Loben,  
(Dear boys !),  
 We've a little account with Loben.

The ends of the Earth were our portion,  
 The ocean at large was our share.  
 There was never a skirmish to windward  
 But the Leaderless Legion was there :  
 Yes, somehow and somewhere and always  
 We were first when the trouble began,  
 From a lottery-row in Manila,  
 To an I.D.B. race on the Pan  
(Dear boys !),  
 With the Mounted Police on the Pan.

We preach in advance of the Army,  
 We skirmish ahead of the Church,  
 With never a gunboat to help us  
 When we're scuppered and left in the lurch.  
 But we know as the cartridges finish,  
 And we're filed on our last little shelves,  
 That the Legion that never was 'listed  
 Will send us as good as ourselves  
(Good men !),  
 Five hundred as good as ourselves !

## ADVENTURE

Then a health (we must drink it in whispers),  
To our wholly unauthorized horde—  
To the line of our dusty foreloopers,  
The Gentlemen Rovers abroad—  
Yes, a health to ourselves ere we scatter,  
For the steamer won't wait for the train,  
And the Legion that never was 'listed  
Goes back into quarters again !  
'Regards !  
Goes back under canvas again.  
Hurrah !  
The swag and the billy again.  
Here's how !  
The trail and the packhorse again.  
Salute !  
The trek and the lager again !

## THE EXPLORER

1898

“ THERE’S no sense in going further—it’s the edge  
of cultivation,”  
So they said, and I believed it—broke my land  
and sowed my crop—  
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little  
border station  
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails  
run out and stop :

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang inter-  
minable changes

On one everlasting Whisper day and night  
repeated—so :

“ Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and  
look behind the Ranges—

“ Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and  
waiting for you. Go ! ”

So I went, worn out of patience ; never told my  
nearest neighbours—

Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em  
drinking in the town ;

And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem  
to help my labours

As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up  
and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning  
flanks and dodging shoulders,

Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for  
lack of grass ;

Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow  
and naked boulders—

Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd  
stumbled on the Pass.

“ Thought to name it for the finder : but that night  
the Norther found me—

Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies ; so I  
called the camp Despair

(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though). Then my  
Whisper waked to hound me :—

“Something lost behind the Ranges. Over  
yonder ! Go you there !”

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His  
Hand was certain o'er me.

Still—it might be self-delusion—scores of better  
men had died—

I could reach the township living, but . . . He  
knows what terror tore me . . .

But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down  
the other side,

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers  
turned to aloes,

And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming  
stream ran by ;

But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the  
water drained to shallows,

And I dropped again on desert—blasted earth,  
and blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires ; I remember sitting by  
'em ;

I remember seeing faces, hearing voices, through  
the smoke ;

I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone  
to try 'em.

“Something lost behind the Ranges” was the  
only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I  
knew it

When I heard myself hallooing to the funny  
folk I saw.

'Very full of dreams that desert, but my two legs  
took me through it . . .

And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes  
all black and raw.

But at last the country altered—White Man's  
country past disputing—

Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of  
hills behind—

There I found me food and water, and I lay a week  
recruiting.

Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then  
I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my  
trees and blazed and ringed 'em—

Week by week I pried and sampled—week by  
week my findings grew.

Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he  
found a kingdom !

But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had  
struck the worth of two !

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-  
poised snow-slide shivers—

Down and through the big fat marshes that the  
virgin ore-bed stains,



Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of un-  
imagined rivers,  
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable  
plains !

'Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades  
between 'em ;  
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty  
thousand head an hour ;  
Counted leagues of water-frontage through the  
axe-ripe woods that screen 'em—  
Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting  
for the power !

Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever  
chaps that followed—  
Came, a dozen men together—never knew my  
desert-fears ;  
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the  
water-holes I'd hollowed.  
They'll go back and do the talking. *They'll* be  
called the Pioneers !

They will find my sites of townships—not the  
cities that I set there.  
They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers  
heard at night.  
By my own old marks and bearings they will show  
me how to get there,  
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide  
my feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed  
one single acre?

Have I kept one single nugget—(barring  
samples)? No, not I!

Because my price was paid me ten times over by  
my Maker.

But you wouldn't understand it. You go up  
and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water-  
transit sure and steady

(That should keep the railway-rates down), coal  
and iron at your doors.

God took care to hide that country till He judged  
His people ready,

Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've  
found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country"—yes, your  
"edge of cultivation"

And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed  
the range to see.

God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's  
present to our nation.

Anybody might have found it but—His Whisper  
came to Me!

*CITIES AND THRONES AND POWERS*

THE FOUR ANGELS

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

THE PRESS

THE KING

COLD IRON

A SONG OF TRAVEL



THE FOUR ANGELS

As ADAM lay a-dreaming beneath the Apple Tree  
The Angel of the Earth came down, and offered  
Earth in fee ;

But Adam did not need it,  
Nor the plough he would not speed it,  
Singing :—" Earth and Water, Air and Fire,  
What more can mortal man desire ? "

(The Apple Tree's in bud.)

As Adam lay a-dreaming beneath the Apple Tree  
The Angel of the Waters offered all the Seas in fee ;

But Adam would not take 'em,  
Nor the ships he wouldn't make 'em,  
Singing :—" Water, Earth and Air and Fire,  
What more can mortal man desire ? "

(The Apple Tree's in leaf.)

As Adam lay a-dreaming beneath the Apple Tree  
The Angel of the Air he offered all the Air in fee ;

But Adam did not crave it,  
Nor the flight he wouldn't brave it,  
Singing ——" Air and Water, Earth and Fire,  
What more can mortal man desire ? "

(The Apple Tree's in bloom.)

As Adam lay a-dreaming beneath the Apple-Tree,  
The Angel of the Fire rose up and not a word  
said he ;

But he wished a flame and made it,  
And in Adam's heart he laid it,

Singing :—" Fire, Fire, burning Fire !  
Stand up and reach your heart's desire ! "  
(The Apple Blossom's set.)

As Adam was a-working outside of Eden-Wall,  
He used the Earth, he used the Seas, he used the  
Air and all ;  
Till out of black disaster  
He arose to be the master  
Of Earth and Water, Air and Fire,  
But never reached his heart's desire !  
(The Apple Tree's cut down !)

## THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

1890

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first on  
Eden's green and gold,  
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched  
with a stick in the mould ;  
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen  
was joy to his mighty heart,  
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, " It's  
pretty, but is it Art ? "

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion  
his work anew—  
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first,  
most dread review ;  
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and  
that was a glorious gain

## CITIES, THRONES, POWERS

When the Devil chuckled "Is it Art?" in the ear  
of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench  
the stars apart,

Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's  
striking, but is it Art?"

The stone was dropped at the quarry-side and the  
idle derrick swung,

While each man talked of the aims of Art, and each  
in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the North and the  
South; they talked and they fought in the  
West,

Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and the  
poor Red Clay had rest—

Had rest till that dank blank-canvas dawn when  
the Dove was preened to start,

And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's  
human, but is it Art?"

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—and new as  
the new-cut tooth—

For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he  
is master of Art and Truth;

And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the  
beat of his dying heart,

The Devil drum on the darkened pane: "You  
did it, but was it Art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the  
shape of a surplice-peg,

We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the  
 yelk of an addled egg,  
 We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the  
 horse is drawn by the cart ;  
 But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old :  
 " It's clever, but is it Art ? "

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the  
 Club-room's green and gold,  
 The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with  
 their pens in the mould—  
 They scratch with their pens in the mould of their  
 graves, and the ink and the anguish start,  
 For the Devil mutters behind the leaves : " It's  
 pretty, but is it Art ? "

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the  
 Four Great Rivers flow,  
 And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she  
 left it long ago,  
 And if we could come when the sentry slept and  
 softly scurry through,  
 By the favour of God we might know as much—  
 as our father Adam knew !

## THE PRESS

THE Soldier may forget his Sword,  
 The Sailor the Sea,  
 The Mason may forget the Word  
 And the Priest his Litany :  
 The Maid may forget both jewel and gem,  
 And the Bride her wedding-dress—



But the Jew shall forget Jerusalem  
 Ere we forget the Press !

Who once hath stood through the loaded hour  
 Ere, roaring like the gale,  
 The Harrild and the Hoe devour  
 Their league-long paper-bale,  
 And has lit his pipe in the morning calm  
 That follows the midnight stress—  
 He hath sold his heart to the old Black Art  
 We call the daily Press.

Who once hath dealt in the widest game  
 That all of a man can play,  
 No later love, no larger fame  
 Will lure him long away.  
 As the war-horse snuffeth the battle afar,  
 The entered Soul, no less,  
 He saith : “ Ha ! Ha ! ” where the trumpets are  
 And the thunders of the Press !

Canst thou number the days that we fulfil,  
 Or the *Times* that we bring forth ?  
 Canst thou send the lightnings to do thy will,  
 And cause them reign on earth ?  
 Hast thou given a peacock goodly wings,  
 To please his foolishness ?  
 Sit down at the heart of men and things,  
 Companion of the Press !

The Pope may launch his Interdict,  
 The Union its decree,  
 But the bubble is blown and the bubble is pricked  
 By Us and such as We.

Remember the battle and stand aside  
While Thrones and Powers confess  
That King over all the children of pride  
Is the Press—the Press—the Press !

## THE KING

1894

- “FAREWELL, Romance !” the Cave-men said ;  
    “With bone well carved he went away.  
“Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,  
    “And jasper tips the spear to-day.  
“Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,  
“And He with these. Farewell, Romance !”
- “Farewell, Romance !” the Lake-folk sighed ;  
    “ We lift the weight of flatling years ;  
“The caverns of the mountain-side  
    “Hold Him who scorns our hutted piers.  
“Lost hills whereby we dare not dwell,  
“Guard ye His rest. Romance, Farewell !”
- “Farewell, Romance !” the Soldier spoke ;  
    “By sleight of sword we may not win,  
“But scuffle ’mid uncleanly smoke  
    “Of arquebus and culverin.  
“Honour is lost, and none may tell  
“Who paid good blows. Romance, farewell !”
- “Farewell, Romance !” the Traders cried ;  
    “ Our keels have lain with every sea.

"The dull-returning wind and tide  
     " Heave up the wharf where we would be ;  
 "The known and noted breezes swell  
 "Our trudging sails. Romance, farewell !"  
  
 "Good-bye, Romance !" the Skipper said ;  
     " He vanished with the coal we burn.  
 "Our dial marks full-steam ahead,  
     " Our speed is timed to half a turn.  
 "Sure as the ferried barge we ply  
 "'Twixt port and port. Romance, good-bye !"  
  
 "Romance !" the season-tickets mourn,  
     " *He* never ran to catch his train,  
 "But passed with coach and guard and horn—  
     " And left the local—late again !  
 "Confound Romance !" . . . And all unseen  
 Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.  
  
 His hand was on the lever laid,  
     His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,  
 His whistle waked the snowbound grade,  
     His fog-horn cut the reeking Banks ;  
 By dock and deep and mine and mill  
 The Boy-god reckless laboured still !  
  
 Robed, crowned and throned, He wove his spell,  
     Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke  
         curled,  
 With unconsidered miracle,  
     Hedged in a backward-gazing world :  
 Then taught his chosen bard to say :  
 "Our King was with us—yesterday !"

## COLD IRON

*"GOLD is for the mistress—silver for the maid—  
Copper for the craftsman cunning at his trade."*

"Good!" said the Baron, sitting in his hall,  
"But Iron—Cold Iron—is master of them all."

So he made rebellion 'gainst the King his liege,  
Camped before his citadel and summoned it to  
siege.

"Nay!" said the cannoneer on the castle wall,  
"But Iron—Cold Iron—shall be master of you  
all!"

Woe for the Baron and his knights so strong,  
When the cruel cannon-balls laid 'em all along;  
He was taken prisoner, he was cast in thrall,  
And Iron—Cold Iron—was master of it all!

Yet his King spake kindly (ah, how kind a Lord!)  
"What if I release thee now and give thee back  
thy sword?"

"Nay!" said the Baron, "mock not at my fall,  
For Iron—Cold Iron—is master of men all."

*"Tears are for the craven, prayers are for the clown—  
Halters for the silly neck that cannot keep a crown."*

"As my loss is grievous, so my hope is small,  
For Iron—Cold Iron—must be master of men all!"

Yet his King made answer (few such Kings there  
be!)

"Here is Bread and here is Wine—sit and sup with  
me.

## CITIES, THRONES, POWERS

Eat and drink in Mary's Name, the whiles I do  
recall

How Iron—Cold Iron—can be master of men all ! ”

He took the Wine and blessed it. He blessed and  
brake the Bread.

With His own Hands He served Them, and  
presently He said :

“ See ! These Hands they pierced with nails,  
outside My city wall,

Show Iron—Cold Iron—to be master of men all.

“ Wounds are for the desperate, blows are for the  
strong.

Balm and oil for weary hearts all cut and bruised  
with wrong.

I forgive thy treason—I redeem thy fall—

For Iron—Cold Iron—must be master of men all ! ”

*“ Crowns are for the valiant—sceptres for the bold !  
Thrones and powers for mighty men who dare to take  
and hold ! ”*

“ Nay ! ” said the Baron, kneeling in his hall,

“ But Iron—Cold Iron—is master of men all !

Iron out of Calvary is master of men all ! ”

## A SONG OF TRAVEL

WHERE'S the lamp that Hero lit

Once to call Leander home ?

Equal Time hath shovelled it

'Neath the wrack of Greece and Rome.

Neither wait we any more  
That worn sail which Argo bore.

Dust and dust of ashes close  
All the Vestal Virgins' care ;  
And the oldest altar shows  
But an older darkness there.  
Age-encamped Oblivion  
Tenteth every light that shone.

Yet shall we, for Suns that die,  
Wall our wanderings from desire ?  
Or, because the Moon is high,  
Scorn to use a nearer fire ?  
Lest some envious Pharaoh stir,  
Make our lives our sepulchre ?

Nay ! Though Time with petty Fate  
Prison us and Emperors,  
By our Arts do we create  
That which Time himself devours—  
Such machines as well may run—  
'Gainst the Horses of the Sun.

When we would a new abode,  
Space, our tyrant King no more,  
Lays the long lance of the road  
At our feet and flees before,  
Breathless, ere we overwhelm,  
To submit a further realm !

*PRAYER AND PRAISE*

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

A SONG TO MITHRAS

WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

EDDI'S SERVICE

THE CHILDREN'S SONG





BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

1892

*"And there is a Japanese idol at Kamakura."*

O YE who tread the Narrow Way  
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,  
Be gentle when "the heathen" pray  
To Buddha at Kamakura!

To Him the Way, the Law, apart,  
Whom Maya held beneath her heart,  
Ananda's Lord, the Bodhisat,  
The Buddha of Kamakura.

For though He neither burns nor sees,  
Nor hears ye thank your Deities,  
Ye have not sinned with such as these,  
His children at Kamakura.

Yet spare us still the Western joke  
When joss-sticks turn to scented smoke  
The little sins of little folk  
That worship at Kamakura—

The grey-robed, gay-sashed butterflies  
That flit beneath the Master's eyes.  
He is beyond the Mysteries  
But loves them at Kamakura.

And whoso will, from Pride released,  
 Contemning neither creed nor priest,  
 May feel the Soul of all the East  
 About him at Kamakura.

Yea, every tale Ananda heard,  
 Of birth as fish or beast or bird,  
 While yet in lives the Master stirred,  
 The warm wind brings Kamakura.

Till drowsy eyelids seem to see  
 A-flower 'neath her golden *htee*  
 The Shwe-Dagon flare easterly  
 From Burmah to Kamakura,

And down the loaded air there comes  
 The thunder of Thibetan drums,  
 And droned—" *Om mane padme hum's* "<sup>1</sup>  
 A world's-width from Kamakura.

Yet Brahmans rule Benares still,  
 Buddh-Gaya's ruins pit the hill,  
 And beef-fed zealots threaten ill  
 To Buddha and Kamakura.

A tourist-show, a legend told,  
 A rusting bulk of bronze and gold,  
 So much, and scarce so much, ye hold  
 The meaning of Kamakura ?

<sup>1</sup> The Buddhist invocation.

But when the morning prayer is prayed,  
Think, ere ye pass to strife and trade,  
Is God in human image made  
No nearer than Kamakura ?

## A SONG TO MITHRAS

*(Hymn of the XXX Legion : circa A.D. 350)*

MITHRAS, God of the Morning, our trumpets  
waken the Wall !

“Rome is above the Nations, but Thou art over  
all !”

Now as the names are answered, and the guards  
are marched away,

Mithras, also a soldier, give us strength for the  
day !

Mithras, God of the Noontide, the heather swims  
in the heat.

Our helmets scorch our foreheads, our sandals  
burn our feet.

Now in the ungirt hour—now lest we blink and  
drowse,

Mithras, also a soldier, keep us true to our vows !

Mithras, God of the Sunset, low on the Western  
main—

Thou descending immortal, immortal to rise again !

Now when the watch is ended, now when the wine  
 is drawn,  
 Mithras, also a soldier, keep us pure till the dawn !  
 Mithras, God of the Midnight, here where the  
 great Bull dies,  
 Look on thy children in darkness. Oh take our  
 sacrifice !  
 Many roads thou hast fashioned—all of them lead  
 to the Light !  
 Mithras, also a soldier, teach us to die aright !

## WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

1892

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes  
 are twisted and dried,  
 When the oldest colours have faded, and the  
 youngest critic has died,  
 We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down  
 for an æon or two,  
 Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us  
 to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy ; they  
 shall sit in a golden chair :  
 They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with  
 brushes of comets' hair.

## PRAYER AND PRAISE

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul ;  
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all !

And only The Master shall praise us, and only  
The Master shall blame ;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one  
shall work for fame,  
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in  
his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of  
Things as They are !

## EDDI'S SERVICE

(A. D. 687)

EDDI, priest of St. Wilfrid  
In his chapel at Manhood End,  
Ordered a midnight service  
For such as cared to attend.

But the Saxons were keeping Christmas,  
And the night was stormy as well.  
Nobody came to service,  
Though Eddi rang the bell.

“ 'Wicked weather for walking,' ”  
Said Eddi of Manhood End.

“ But I must go on with the service  
For such as care to attend.”

The altar-lamps were lighted,—  
An old marsh-donkey came,  
Bold as a guest invited,  
And stared at the guttering flame.

The storm beat on at the windows,  
The water splashed on the floor,  
And a wet, yoke-weary bullock  
Pushed in through the open door.

“ How do I know what is greatest,  
How do I know what is least ?  
That is My Father’s business,”  
Said Eddi, Wilfrid’s priest.

“ But—three are gathered together—  
Listen to me and attend.  
I bring good news, my brethren ! ”  
Said Eddi of Manhood End.

And he told the Ox of a Manger  
And a Stall in Bethlehem,  
And he spoke to the Ass of a Rider  
That rode to Jerusalem:

They steamed and dripped in the chancel,  
They listened and never stirred,  
While, just as though they were Bishops,  
Eddi preached them The Word,

Till the gale blew off on the marshes  
And the windows showed the day,  
And the Ox and the Ass together  
Wheeled and clattered away.

And when the Saxons mocked him,  
Said Eddi of Manhood End,  
"I dare not shut His chapel  
On such as care to attend."

## THE CHILDREN'S SONG

LAND of our Birth, we pledge to thee  
Our love and toil in the years to be ;  
When we are grown and take our place,  
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,  
Oh help Thy children when they call ;  
That they may build from age to age,  
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,  
With steadfastness and careful truth ;  
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give  
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,  
Controlled and cleanly night and day ;

That we may bring, if need arise,  
No maimed or worthless sacrifice:

Teach us to look in all our ends,  
On Thee for judge, and not our friends ;  
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed  
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,  
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;  
That, under Thee, we may possess  
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,  
And Mirth that has no bitter springs ;  
Forgiveness free of evil done,  
And Love to all men 'neath the sun !

*Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,  
For whose dear sake our fathers died ;  
Oh Motherland, we pledge to thee,  
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be !*



*VALEDICTORY POEMS*

CHARTRES WINDOWS

THE FAIRIES' SIEGE

THE HOUR OF THE ANGEL

THE PRAYER



# CHARTRES WINDOWS

1925

COLOUR *fulfils where Music has no power :*  
*By each man's light the unjudging glass betrays*  
*All men's surrender, each man's holiest hour*  
*And all the lit confusion of our days—*  
*Purpled with iron, traced in dusk and fire,*  
*Challenging ordered Time who, at the last,*  
*Shall bring it, grozed and leaded and wedged fast,*  
*To the cold stone that curbs or crowns desire.*  
*Yet on the pavement that all feet have trod—*  
*Even as the Spirit, in her deeps and heights,*  
*Turns only, and that voiceless, to her God—*  
*There falls no tincture from those anguished lights.*  
*And Heaven's one light, behind them, striking through*  
*Blazons what each man dreamed no other knew.*

# THE FAIRIES' SIEGE

I HAVE been given my charge to keep—  
 Well have I kept the same !  
 Playing with strife for the most of my life,  
 But this is a different game.

I'll not fight against swords unseen,  
Or spears that I cannot view—  
Hand him the keys of the place on your knees—  
'Tis the Dreamer whose dreams come true !

Ask him his terms and accept them at once.  
Quick, ere we anger him, go !  
Never before have I flinched from the guns,  
But this is a different show.  
I'll not fight with the Herald of God  
(I know what his Master can do !)  
Open the gate, he must enter in state,  
'Tis the Dreamer whose dreams come true !

I'd not give way for an Emperor,  
I'd hold my road for a King—  
To the Triple Crown I would not bow down—  
But this is a different thing.  
I'll not fight with the Powers of Air,  
Sentry, pass him through !  
Drawbridge let fall, 'tis the Lord of us all,  
The Dreamer whose dreams come true !

## THE HOUR OF THE ANGEL

SOONER or late—in earnest or in jest—  
(But the stakes are no jest) Ithuriel's Hour  
Will spring on us, for the first time, the test  
Of our sole unbacked competence and power  
Up to the limit of our years and dower

Of judgment—or beyond. But here we have  
 Prepared long since our garland or our grave.  
 For, at that hour, the sum of all our past,  
 Act, habit, thought, and passion, shall be cast  
 In one addition, be it more or less,  
 And as that reading runs so shall we do ;  
 Meeting, astounded, victory at the last,  
 Or, first and last, our own unworthiness.  
 And none can change us though they die to save !

## THE PRAYER

MY BROTHER kneels, so saith Kabir,  
 To stone and brass in heathen-wise,  
 But in my brother's voice I hear  
 My own unanswered agonies.  
 His God is as his fates assign,  
 His prayer is all the world's—and mine.

